

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**GREENLAND, and other Poems.** By James Montgomery. London 1819. 8vo. pp. 250.

Mr. Montgomery is so well known and so popular a poet, that few preliminary remarks would be necessary, had we time to prepare them; but as his new work is just wet from the press, we can at present do no more than introduce it, and reserve any critical observations we may have to offer for another opportunity.

*Greenland*, which occupies more than one half of the volume, is a serious and religious poem in five Cantos, and relating chiefly to the original settlement and progress of the Moravian Missions in that country. The appearances of nature on the voyage and in the Arctic regions of course furnish many fine occasions for poetic description; and the final loss of a people by the accumulation of the ice, is rendered more interesting by episodes skilfully interwoven, so as to tell this tale of misery.

There is much beauty and poetical feeling throughout the poem, from which we proceed, without further preface, to select a few extracts. The first canto opens finely—

Twilight is watching in the sky; the stars  
Swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;  
Ocean, outstretch'd with infinite expanse,  
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;  
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,  
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;  
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,  
A ship above and ship below appear;  
A double image, pictured on the deep,  
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep;  
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,  
With evanescent motion to the west,  
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,  
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

In this ship the Missionaries of 1733 are embarked, and their hopes and fears (the general hopes and fears of mankind) are exquisitely painted in the following:

What are thine hopes, Humanity!—thy fears?  
Poor voyager, upon this flood of years,  
Whose tide, returning, hurries to the sea  
Of dark unsearchable eternity,  
The fragile skiffs, in which thy children sail  
A day, an hour, a moment, with the gale,  
Then vanish—gone like eagles on the wind,  
Or fish in waves, that yield and close behind?  
Thine hopes—lost anchors buried in the deep,  
That rust, through storm and calm, in iron sleep;  
Whose cables, loose aloft and fix'd below,  
Not with the sea-weed, floating to and fro!

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Thy Fears—are wrecks that strew the fatal surge,  
Whose whirlpools swallow, or whose currents  
urge

Adventurous barks on rocks, that lurk at rest,  
Where the blue halcyon builds her foam-light  
nest;

Or strand them on illumined shoals, that gleam  
Like drifted gold in summer's cloudless beam.  
Thus would thy race, beneath their parent's eye,  
Live without knowledge, without prospect die.

But when Religion bids her spirit breathe,  
And opens bliss above and woe beneath;  
When God reveals his march through Nature's  
night,

His steps are beauty, and his presence light,  
His voice is life:—the dead in conscience start;  
They feel a new creation in the heart.  
Ah! then, Humanity, thy hopes, thy fears,  
How changed, how wondrous!—

The following is a delightful reflection, though simple as nature herself:

Thus, while the Brethren far in exile roam,  
Visions of Greenland shew their future home.  
—Now a dark speck, but brightening as it flies,  
A vagrant sea-fowl glads their eager eyes:  
How lovely, from the narrow deck to see  
The meanest link of nature's family,  
Which makes us feel, in dreariest solitude,  
Affinity with all that breathe renew'd;  
At once a thousand kind emotions start,  
And the blood warms and mantles round the  
heart!

Greenland itself, and one of its wonders, are admirably painted:

Far off, amidst the placid sunshine, glow  
Mountains with hearts of fire and crests of snow,  
Whose blacken'd slopes with deep ravines en-  
trench'd,

Their thunders silenced, and their lightnings  
quench'd,

Still the slow heat of spent eruptions breathe,  
While embryo earthquakes swell their wombs  
beneath.

Hark! from yon cauldron-cave, the battle-  
sound

Of fire and water warring under ground;  
Rack'd on the wheels of an ebullient tide,  
Here might some spirit, fall'n from bliss, abide,  
Such fitful wallings of intense despair,  
Such emanating splendours fill the air.

—He comes, he comes; the infuriate Geyser  
springs

Up to the firmament on vapoury wings;  
With breathless awe the mounting glory view;  
White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.  
But lo! a glimpse;—refulgent to the gale,  
He starts all naked through his riven veil;

A fountain-column, terrible and bright,  
A living, breathing, moving form of light:  
From central earth to heaven's meridian thrown,  
The mighty apparition towers alone,

Rising, as though for ever he could rise,  
Storm and resume his palace in the skies.  
All foam, and turbulence, and wrath below;  
Around him beams the reconciling bow;

Signal of peace, whose radiant girle binds,  
(Till nature's doom, the waters and the winds)  
While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews,  
The air illumine with celestial hues,

As if the bounteous sun were raining down  
The richest gems of his imperial crown.

In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,  
Foot-bound to fathomless captivity;  
A power unseen, by sympathetic spell  
For ever working,—to his flinty cell  
Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres;  
He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears;  
Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,  
Around whose verge light froth and bubbles bias,  
While the low murmurs of the reflux tide  
Far into subterranean silence glide,  
The eye still gazing down the dread profound,  
When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound,  
—But is he slain and sepulchred?—Again  
The deathless giant sallies from his den,  
Scales with recruited strength the ethereal walls,  
Struggles afresh for liberty,—and falls.  
Yes, and for liberty the fight renew'd,  
By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,  
He shall maintain, till Iceland's solid base  
Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.

A prophetic view of the people, and a description of the Sabbath, are not less interesting.

—Through the dim vista of unfolding years,  
A pageant of portentous woe appears.  
Yon rosy groups, with golden locks, at play,  
I see them—few, decrepid, silent, grey;  
Their fathers all at rest beneath the sod,  
Whose flowerless verdure marks the House of  
God,

Home of the living and the dead;—where meet  
Kindred and strangers, in communion sweet,  
When dawns the Sabbath on the black-bull pile,  
The kiss of peace, the welcome, and the smile  
Go round;—till comes the Prince, a Father there,  
And the bell knolls his family to prayer:  
Angels might stoop from thrones in heaven, to be  
Co-worshippers in such a family,  
Whom from their nooks and dells, where'er they  
roam,

The Sabbath gathers to their common home.  
Oh! I would stand a keeper at this gate  
Rather than reign with kings in gilded state;  
A day in such serene enjoyment spent  
Were worth an age of splendid discontent!

We have only room for one of the last episodes, to which we have alluded, as conveying the pathetic story of the final desolation of Greenland.

In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell,  
Affection lingers;—there two lovers dwell,  
Greenland's whole family; nor long forlorn,  
There comes a visitant; a babe is born.  
O'er his meek helplessness the parents smiled,  
'Twas Hope;—for Hope is every mother's child;  
Then seem'd they, in that world of solitude,  
The Eve and Adam of a race renew'd.  
Brief happiness! too perilous to last;  
The moon hath wax'd and waned, and all is past.  
Behold the end!—one morn, athwart the wall,  
They mark'd the shadow of a rein-deer fall,  
Bounding in tameless freedom o'er the snow;  
The father track'd him, and with fatal howl  
Smote down the victim; but before his eyes  
A rabid she-bear pounced upon the prize;  
A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent,  
She turn'd in wrath, and limb from limb had rent  
The hunter; but his dagger's plunging steel,  
With riven bosom, made the monster reel;  
Unvanquish'd, both to closer combat flew;  
Assailants each, till each the other slew!

Mingling their blood from mutual wounds, they

Stretch on the carcase of their antler'd prey.

Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest,  
No burthen but her infant on her breast:  
With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,  
And tells him all her dreams of future days,  
Asks him a thousand questions, feigns replies,  
And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.

—Red evening comes; no husband's shadow falls,  
Where fell the rein-deer's, o'er the latticed walls:  
'Tis night; no footstep sounds towards her door;  
The day returns,—but he returns no more.  
In frenzy forth she sallies; and with cries,  
To which no voice except her own replies  
In frightful echoes, starting all around,  
Where human voice again shall never sound,  
She seeks him, finds him not; some angel-guide  
In mercy turns her from the corpse aside;  
Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,  
Who waits to wait her to a happier sphere,  
But leads her first, at evening, to their cot,  
Where lies the little one, all day forgot;  
Imparadised in sleep she finds him there,  
Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.  
Three days she languishes, nor can she shed  
One tear, between the living and the dead;  
When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's  
thought,

The pangs of memory are to madness wrought;  
But when her suckling's eager lips are felt,  
Her heart would fain—but oh! it cannot—melt;  
At length it breaks, while on her lap he lies,  
With baby wonder gazing in her eyes.  
Poor orphan! mine is not a hand to trace  
Thy little story, last of all thy race!  
Not long thy sufferings; cold and colder grown,  
The arms that clasp thee chill thy limbs to stone.  
—'Tis done—from Greenland's coast, the latest  
sigh

Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.

We shall return to this volume, of which it is needless to say, after these extracts, that it is eminently poetical and beautiful.

*Letters from the Continent during the Months of October, November, and December 1818: including a Visit to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the left Bank of the Rhine.*  
By the Rev. James Wilmot Ormsby, A.M. Rector of Castlecomer, &c.  
London 1819. 8vo. pp. 172.

This is a slight but intelligent volume: the author does not see much which has not been described before, but he tells the story of his travels in an amusing manner; and as they were performed at an interesting period, the whole is agreeable enough for the small portion of time demanded from the reader. There are sixteen letters, dated severally from Lille, Cambrai, Valenciennes, Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence, and Paris; so that it may readily be perceived that but for temporary circumstances, the circle of this tour was too well known to admit of much novelty. We shall not therefore be tempted to repeat any of the author's details, which, though they might be generally acceptable, could not fail to be as

wearisome as repetitions to the more practised in the records of Continental trips. A few temporary anecdotes and passing remarks will better serve to afford a tolerable idea of the publication, and to these we accordingly apply ourselves. At Dunkirk, Mr. Ormsby says,

What pleased me most here was a small chapel close to the sea, erected within the last two years. It was built expressly for sailors to offer up their vows before a voyage, and for their friends, in bad weather, to implore the mercy of Him, whom the winds and the waves obey. The walls are covered with naval prints, descriptive of miraculous escapes, and I was assured, that it is filled by seamen every Sunday, very much frequented on the week days, and that they, for whom it was intended, are most thankful for the gift. Might not this example be imitated with the happiest consequences in every sea-port town in England—the mere appropriation of a place of public worship to the one profession would, in my humble opinion, insure its success.

In labouring along in the Diligence of Cambrai, the author asked the Conduc-teur to what purpose the immense fields of Beetroot, which he saw, were applied?

He said, that at present they were only food for cattle in the winter; but that Buonaparte, who succeeded in every thing he undertook, had made excellent sugar from them, which could not now be done. To this I replied, that he had failed in one thing—he could not beat the Duke of Wellington. With all the characteristic vivacity of a Frenchman, he exclaimed, "*Mais, Monsieur, que voulez vous? Le Diable lui-meme ne pourroit faire cela.*" As he granted my exception, it would have been cruel to question the omnipotence he asserted for Napoleon. Something similar occurred in the evening at Douai. The book for entering the names of travellers was brought to the supper-table. A young Englishman, when he came to the column of professions, observed, he did not know what to write, being a private gentleman. A Colonel in the French service desired him, with some degree of pertness, to call himself John Bull—No, said the young man, we have lost that title, and he wrote—John Waterloo. To the credit of the officer he took it in good humour, and laughed heartily at the spirited and just reproof he had provoked.

The next anecdote is not quite so clerical as the first, but as the Reverend Writer ventures it, we need not fear to select. At Valenciennes, he had considerable difficulty in procuring accommodation at any of the Inns, but at length got a very small apartment, of which he says,

The inconvenience of this was, however, compensated by a ludicrous occurrence. I must premise, that I occupied the bed of a young waiter of the hotel. About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a

gentle push, and heard in a sepulchral voice, *Lubin, mon cher Lubin.* I started up, and standing beside me, beheld—an old cook-maid, with a glimmering lamp in her hand, who reminded me of Leonarda in the cave with Gil Blas. On discovering her mistake, she screamed like a screech-owl and retreated. At breakfast I was attended by a lively young female, and I could not resist informing her of what had happened. She laughed immoderately, ran into the kitchen, repeated the adventure with many exaggerations, and, in succession, every servant came into the room and greeted me with the appellation of *Lubin, mon cher Lubin.* This was enough to banish me from the house; the old cook would have poisoned me had I remained, and I might have suffered from the resentment of the young waiter, as it is probable that he was laughed at even more than I was.

This is not so sentimental as a preceding traveller of the same cloth would have made it, but it is at least as decorous. The author admires the taste and cleanliness of a part of Liege, and tells us,

My admiration was soon interrupted by the cries of children running beside the carriage and asking for charity. One chubby little rogue, of about ten years old, outstepped his fellows; and for a quarter of an hour endeavoured to recommend himself by exclaiming, *Vivez les Francois, Vivez les Anglois, Vive Napoleon, Vivez les Cosaques.* You may imagine how I was amused by the dexterous versatility of this youthful mendicant; he took chance for the politics and nation of the traveller, and, as they say at fairs, had spectacles for all ages. The humour of it was to me quite irresistible, and I rewarded his ingenuity by the donation of a franc, to his no small transport and astonishment.

We do not remember to have met with the following anecdote before:—

The Church of St. Peter (at Cologne) is principally remarkable for the altar-piece, by Rubens, of the Crucifixion of the Apostle. Having heard of this as a *chef-d'œuvre*, my expectations had been highly raised, and were at first sadly disappointed; my attention was suddenly diverted, the picture was turned in the frame, and all the perfection of the great artist's genius broke upon my view. The former exhibition was a copy upon the back by a modern painter,—but how unlike! though not without its merit; and they practise the illusion, to increase the effect of the performance they are proud of, and perhaps to recommend themselves more successively to the pocket of the astonished spectator.

Mayence, like most of the other stages, furnishes its story:—

Soon after the French honoured this town with their fraternal embrace, they were invited to a public entertainment. The name of the former Prefect was *Jambon*; he and his family were universally beloved, and after supper one of the good citizens proposed to drink the health of, *Les Jambons*

*de Mayence, les meilleurs au monde*; this was graciously received by the strangers, and enthusiastically by the inhabitants. The next morning, every ham to be procured was purchased, and dispatched to Paris, as the most acceptable present; and Mayence has been since described in the Traveller's Guide, as remarkable for the quality of its hams, from this accidental and ludicrous occurrence.

We conclude with one other extract from a letter dated Paris; but must notice, that though we have for variety's sake referred chiefly to these entertaining paragraphs, it must not be supposed that this volume is a jest book; on the contrary, it contains much good sense and many wholesome reflections.

Although the newspapers are not permitted, as with us, to be the organ of public opinion; pamphlets are free from such restriction, and accordingly the liberty of the press has degenerated into licentiousness here, after the example of England. The mischievous tendency of a licentious press is particularly to be dreaded in this country, where almost every individual delights in literature, and converses upon each successive publication with the most surprising sagacity and eloquence. Indeed the passion for reading and the love of the fine arts, which characterise the middle and lower classes of society in Paris, constitute an essential difference between them and the people of all other countries that I have seen. As you pass through the streets, even the drivers of the *Fiacres* and *Cabriolets*, when unemployed in their vocation, or when waiting at a house, have generally their books in their hands, and these, sometimes of the highest order of *Belles Lettres*. The numerous print shops are always surrounded by crowds of the commonalty, from whom the most judicious observations are often to be collected; and it has afforded me no small amusement to overhear the criticism of a sweeper of the crossings upon the fine exhibition of engravings in the windows on the *Boulevards*. From such causes, one might reasonably expect a civilization amounting to softness and gentleness of character, of which, it must be admitted, there are but few instances on record during the last thirty years. This period is, however, an unfair criterion; their effect is visible in a variety of ways: the proverbial politeness of the people, which anticipates your wishes—the mutual civility of the very poorest—the abstinence from coarse and profane expressions—the humanity to the brute creation—and the tenderness to children,—all struck me most forcibly as emanating from the sources I have described, and establishing a reproachful contrast to the manners of my countrymen.

Although we cannot entirely acknowledge the justice of these remarks, they are well worthy of attention; and above all, we would deduce from them a strong argument in favour of that course which the *Literary Gazette* has undertaken to

advocate, the throwing more widely open to the people all the public exhibitions and performances which have a tendency to refine their manners, and give them at once a taste for superior enjoyments, and a pride in their individual shares in pacific national triumphs.

*The Countess of Carrick; a love tale, and Clandestine Marriage of the Thirteenth Century.* By Carolan. London 1819. 12mo. pp. 200.

This poem is dedicated to Lady Frances Stewart (ci-devant Vane Tempest,) which choice of a patroness is justified on the score of a resemblance which the writer traces between his heroine, Martha Kilconath, Countess of Carrick, and the fair dame to whom he has offered this homage.

The tale is founded on a fact in For-dun, where writing on the accession of Robert Bruce to the Scottish throne, he says,

Alexander, Earl of Carrick, died in the Holy Land, and left an only daughter, named Martha. Having met Robert Bruce, Lord of Anandale, Scotland, and of Cleveland, England, hunting on her domain, she forced him, by gentle violence, to her castle of Turnberry, where they were speedily married, in 1273-4."

Of this marriage the hero of Bannockburn was the first fruit. The author, with a bold ambition, says he has set the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* of Milton before him, and the harmonious verse in Francis's translation of the 31st ode of the first book of Horace.

We shall quote a few passages. The poem begins rather whimsically with a sort of bull.

Lives there a man unconscious of the glow  
That warms the bosom of virginity?

But the remainder is worthy of a commencement less liable to the charge of equivocation. The following description of a storm in the island of Icolmkill is a fair example of the author's style.

The sea-birds scream'd both loud and shrill,  
The winds howl'd hoarsely o'er the hill,  
And hurrying clouds of hideous form,  
Portentous told a common storm!  
Fore'd by young Winter's angry breeze,  
The leaves forsook the aged trees,  
And through the vistas clear display'd,  
In Gothic grandeur high array'd,  
The ample dome of sacred lore,  
Well known round Europe's farthest shore.  
And where the sun look'd broad and red,  
The wild horizon o'er was spread  
With colours, from the blushing rose,  
To what the modest violet shows;  
While hastening to the fronting west,  
The train of night obscure was prest  
By urging winds that harder blew,  
While swift the sand before them flew,  
Until sea-billows loud and high  
Rose tumbling tow'rd the troubled sky.

The second part is thus introduced, and in quoting the passage we may justly notice the moral and virtuous intention which evidently pervades the whole work, though sometimes expressed in terms a little bizarre.

Sweet is the dawn of coming joy  
Unto the sorrower's gloomy eye,  
When, piercing on thro' grief's dark night,  
It sees and feels the welcome light.  
Man knows the evils that are past,  
And forward looks, in anxious haste  
To meet the joys his hopes forebode—  
But when he meets them on life's road,  
His varying mind, still bent on change,  
Can seldom o'er possession range—

The Countess of Carrick's song to her Uncle is one of the author's best efforts.

#### SONG.

Within this breast a sorrow dwells,  
Which happy lovers never know;  
Within this breast a transport swells  
Of joy, attended still by woe!

Within this breast still lives a maid  
Whom hope to my fond arms had given,  
And long my love and joy's delay'd  
For her—a favourite of Heaven!

Within this breast lives many a pain  
Of disappointed love and joy:  
Within this breast lives hope—ah, vain!  
Whom wild despair does still annoy.

Within this breast springs many a sigh,  
Urg'd by affection's tenderest glow,  
And love's and pity's sympathy—  
Ah, oft the source of grating woe.

Within this breast how oft have sprung  
The tenderest raptures love could seal;  
How often has this breast been wrung  
By woes—which none but lovers feel.

Within this breast, while reason beams  
Upon the active senses clear,  
Her lovely form shall live in dreams  
Of hop'd-for joy,—to me yet dear.

As we have not space to enter upon the story, we cannot select any of the parts which relate to it. We could wish to bestow higher praise on this well-meant production, but its expletives and often incorrect versification will not abide the test of literary criticism, and we consign it with these exemplary extracts to the public.

*Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough, &c.* By Archdeacon Cox. (Concluded.)

The new Ministry endeavoured to make even the building of Blenheim House a source of uneasiness and mortification to the Duke. It was endeavoured to trepan him into being answerable for the expences, which the Treasury did not disburse, but his prudence saved him, in great measure, from this snare, and, ultimately, the palace, the expense of which more than trebled the original estimate of between 90 and 100,000l.

was erected chiefly at the public charge. The Ministers also made overtures to his Grace to "abandon the Whigs, his new friends, and take up with the Tories, his old friends," promising him, if "he restrained the rage and fury of his wife," "the highest situation to which a subject ought to aspire, and threatening an impeachment if he refused; but these offers he rejected with becoming spirit. A mortal persecution was the consequence. Three of his favourite officers, Lieut. Gen. Meredith, Major-Gen. Macartney, and Brigadier-Gen. Honeywood, were cashiered without intimation to him, for speaking contemptuously of Ministers in a convivial hour, and drinking confusion to their commander's enemies; and the successors appointed by the Queen had among them Lord Orrery, against whom the Duke had particular objections. The usual vote of thanks was not moved in Parliament, though, without any signal victory, the army had been eminently successful in breaking down the iron frontier of France, thus paving the way to the most important operations. It was even wished to dismiss the Duchess from her office of Mistress of the Robes, and she was accused of peculation; the sale of places, and other offences, but the apprehension of her husband resigning at this inconvenient period, and her threats (hardly overcome) of publishing the Queen's private letters, suspended the storm. The Duke felt this very acutely, and in one of his letters, Sept. 13, 1710, uses these strong expressions:

I am of opinion, that the King of France has taken his resolution not to think of peace till he sees, this winter, the behaviour of England. You must not flatter yourself that the Elector of Hanover is capable of acting a vigorous part. I believe he will shew that he esteems me; but, at the same time, will be desirous of meddling as little as possible with the affairs of England, for which I cannot much blame him, for not caring to have to do with so villanous a people.

On the 28th of Dec. 1710, the Duke of M. returned to London, where he was met at the skirts of the town by the populace crying, "God bless the Duke of Marlborough! No wooden shoes! No Popery!" At court his reception was not so gracious. The Queen told him harshly not to suffer any vote of thanks to be moved to him in Parliament, because her ministers (for whose conduct towards him she would answer) would certainly oppose it. Political indignities without number were heaped upon him, and the worst stroke of all, the disgrace of the Duchess, was soon dealt out. The Duke most anxiously endeavoured to avert this

blow; and the detail of his audience, now published from private papers, is at once curious and deeply interesting. Having presented a repentant letter from his lady, promising never in future to mention the only two subjects which gave the Queen offence, Her Majesty observed, "I cannot change my resolution."

Marlborough then addressed her in the most moving terms, and besought her not to renounce the Duchess till she had no more need of his services, which he hoped would be the case in less than a year, by the termination of the war, when both might retire together. He dwelt on all the topics likely to recover her affection toward her former favourite, and her gratitude towards himself. He expatiated on the sorrow and regret of his wife for any mistakes she had ever committed, and her willingness to avoid every act or discourse which might render Her Majesty uneasy for the future. He concluded with observing, "For your own sake, as well as for ours, your Majesty ought not to adopt a harsher proceeding than any prince ever used towards persons of less faithful and long-continued services, who had been guilty of greater faults, when pardon was requested, and a firm promise of amendment made. Still more would it reflect on your generosity to deny so trifling an indulgence to one who has been honoured by your friendship, and who has given no substantial cause for so harsh a proceeding." The Queen having rejoined, that her honour was interested in the removal of the Duchess, he respectfully observed, "What this expression means I never could learn, any more than what faults she has committed." The Queen, however, far from listening to his representations, peremptorily insisted that the gold key should be delivered to her in three days. On this, the Duke threw himself on his knees, and with the most moving eloquence, earnestly entreated for an interval of ten days, to concert some means of rendering the blow less mortifying and disgraceful. But he obtained no other answer than a positive repetition of the demand, limiting the term to the shorter space of two days.

We cannot but lament to see this great general so unsuccessful in his suit; but yet when we reflect on the insufferable tyranny to which the sovereign was exposed from the imperious Duchess, we can hardly blame her resolution to free herself from it, especially since subsequent events proved how little reliance could have been placed on the assurances of future respect.

The Duchess insisted on resigning the golden key on the very night of this interview: and the Duke, unfortunately for himself, consented to sacrifice his private feelings, and retain his command of the army. The petulant Duchess disgraced herself more in retiring than by

being turned out, for on leaving her apartments in the palace, she "ordered the locks placed on the doors at her expense to be taken off, and the marble chimney-pieces to be removed," besides putting 2000*l.* per ann. out of the privy purse into her accounts, which sum the Queen had presented her when most intimate, but which had never been drawn. Swift and Prior were at this time distinguished by their writings against Marlborough in *The Examiner*; and while fighting a disagreeable campaign abroad, his popularity suffered a very marked decline at home. The power of the press was felt by the most victorious general that England ever saw till our time, when a Wellington arose, and the account of the behaviour of the ministers and opposition of that day, with regard to this tremendous lever, seems so applicable to the present, that we cannot help quoting it:—

Confident of their integrity, not sufficiently imbued with a taste for literature, nor duly estimating the influence which the press had recently acquired over the public mind, both Marlborough and Godolphin had paid too little attention to that crowd of writers, who began to give a new impulse to the national sentiment. Marlborough had, indeed, extended his patronage to Prior and Addison; but Godolphin, cold, reserved, and silent by nature, and economical in the disposal of public money, had treated the influence of the press with contempt, and particularly repulsed both Swift and Prior, the first a giant in political controversy; and the second writing with a knowledge of public business, the acquisitions of a scholar, and the genius of a poet. On the contrary, Harley and St. John being eminent scholars themselves, had, from taste as well as discernment, learned to estimate the force of this great engine of policy. Hence, by affability and munificence, they soon found means to interest the ablest writers in their cause, and in particular, gained by their confidence and friendship, Swift and Prior, who were deeply offended by the ill-judged economy, and repulsive demeanour of Godolphin.

Changing names, and putting a tory for a whig ministry, and a whig for a tory opposition, this paragraph is fully as apt to 1819 as to 1711. Probably the result will be similar, and Godolphin's may soon be not the last administration written out of office by a culpable neglect of the press, leaving the people in ignorance of the truth, and exposed to every delusion which may be practised on their credulity either against individual or general interests. The death of the Emperor Joseph, and elevation of Charles to the empire, the attempt of the Marquis Guiscard to stab Harley, the apparent restoration of some cordiality between

that minister and Marlborough, and the taking of Bouchain, are the leading events of 1711. During the latter siege, an anecdote extremely honourable to the British commander is recorded:—

The character of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, is too well known to need any delineation. The estates of his See being exposed to the plunder of the troops, Marlborough ordered a detachment to guard the magazines of corn at Château Cambresis, and gave a safe-conduct for their conveyance to Cambray; and when even this protection, in consequence of the scarcity of bread, was not likely to be respected by the soldiery, he sent a corps of dragoons with waggons, to transport the grain, and escort it to the precincts of the town. Thus did our illustrious general pay homage to the Christian philosopher, who honoured letters by his genius, religion by his piety, France by his renown, and human nature by his amiable virtues; and thus did he, in his conduct towards the author of *Telemachus*, imitate Alexander at the capture of Thebes, when, in the language of our sublime poet—

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
Went to the ground.—MILTON. SONNET VIII.

The year 1712 was painfully full of concern to the Duke of Marlborough.

He was incessantly libelled, and finally accused in direct terms of fraud and peculation to the amount of 63,000*l.* on the oath of Sir Solomon Medina, the contractor for bread to the army. On this charge his conduct was voted to be unwarrantable and illegal by 270 votes to 165 in the House of Commons; the Queen dismissed him from her service by a note in her own hand, and the Attorney General was directed to prosecute him. Prince Eugene visited England, and countenanced his old friend under these misfortunes; but party rancour ran too high to admit of any further alleviation. The new ministry, when outnumbered in the Lords, strengthened themselves by creating twelve new peers, whom the Marquis of Wharton, when they came to a division, pretended sarcastically to consider as a petty jury, and asked them whether they "purposed to vote individually, or to convey their decision by their foreman?" Upon one of these debates, Marlborough challenged (by Lord Mohun, soon after killed in the fatal encounter with the Duke of Hamilton) Earl Poulet, for a very coarse attack upon his character, but the duel was prevented by the Earl's friends getting wind of it. The death of Godolphin, in 1712, the incessant defamation to which his character was exposed, and the prorogation of Parliament closing his political career, under Anne, induced Marlborough, at the age of 62, to seek quiet in a foreign country. He was even indebted for passports to his opponent Harley, and left England without meeting the slightest applause from a fickle and ungrateful nation. On the Continent he was, if it were for a contrast, received every

where with the most distinguished public honours. He resided for some time at Aix-la-Chapelle, and then, having been joined by the Duchess, at Francfort on the Maine. Thence he visited his principality of Mindelheim, where his subjects paid him the allegiance due to a sovereign Prince of the Holy Roman empire; while in England, new, and our author asserts, unfounded, charges of peculation were brought against him. The degrading Peace of Utrecht followed, and sacrificed all his victories and conquests by one dash of the diplomatic pen; and very soon after, the Emperor being forced into a peace with the French, by which he restored the electorate of Bavaria, in which Mindelheim is situated, the Duke lost his territory there worth 2000*l.* per ann. for which he never received any compensation. He resided for some time at Antwerp, taking an active part in the plans for securing the Hanoverian succession. The death of the Electress Sophia, immediately succeeded by that of Queen Anne, opened the way to the throne of England to George I. Marlborough having previously resolved to return to his country, reached England the day after the Queen died, and was exceedingly hurt at not being named in the Regency which governed till his Majesty arrived. By the King he was, however, appointed Captain-General and Master of the Ordnance, which he held to his death, during the period of the rebellion, in defeating which his friend Cadogan was so decisively instrumental. In 1716, he lost his second daughter, the beautiful Lady Sunderland, having two years before been bereaved of his third, Lady Bridgewater. A stroke of the palsy, in May 1716, was the first symptom of that malady which, after many severe illnesses, proved fatal to him on the 16th of June 1722. During these years he, nevertheless, entered into public affairs, was zealous for the capital conviction of Lord Oxford (Harley,) gained 100,000*l.* by the South-Sea scheme, attended Parliament to within six months of his decease, and was engaged in law-suits and contracts for the building of Blenheim, towards which he ultimately contributed 60,000*l.* out of his immense private fortune, in addition to 260,000 paid by the country.

In domestic life this great warrior was kind and affectionate. In his later days he was much amused with the education and plays of his grandchildren, and devoted to his favourite game of whist. On the night preceding his death, prayers being read to him as usual, the Duchess asked him if he had heard them, he replied, "Yes, and joined in them." At four the next morning, he expired without a sigh, at the age of 72. His remains were attended to the grave by a royally magnificent funeral procession, and deposited in Westminster Abbey, whence they were soon after removed to the chapel at Blenheim. His Duchess survived him 22 years, and died in 1744, the title descending to the second son of his second daughter (Lady Sunderland) whose third son, John, founded the present Earldom of Spencer, with the rich family estates, which

devolved upon him by his brother succeeding to the Churchill peerage.

Having formerly stated the high opinion we entertain of this valuable work, and now gone so much into the analysis of its last and most interesting volume, as to leave little room for comment, we shall briefly repeat, that for it the country owes its gratitude to Archdeacon Cox as one of the most sterling historical productions in the English language. The political tone is that of a moderate whig; but we detect no bias beyond what justly belongs to biography, and the whole appears to us to be clear, judicious, well written, and excellent.

*Captain Ross's Voyage to Baffin's Bay.*  
(Concluded.)

In concluding our analysis of this work, it becomes our duty to deliver an opinion upon the merits of the writer, as the commander of a voyage of discovery; and while on one hand we shall have to notice some traits very honourable to his character as a naval officer and gentleman, we must, reluctantly, say that we think he has failed in the principal objects of the expedition. It seems to us that all the east side of Baffin's Bay has been satisfactorily explored, but that in regard to the west coast, where, as the very name implies, there was the greatest likelihood of a *North-West* passage, we are very little better informed than we were fifty years ago. Not one of the great inlets on this coast has been sufficiently examined, and it is evident from the pains Captain R. takes to set himself right, that the conclusiveness of his arguments are neither allowed by the Admiralty at home, nor by his associates in the voyage. Indeed Captain Sabine distinctly says, that there are seven probable inlets, the nature and termination of which are still unascertained, and the new Expedition fitting out for this quarter proves, that hopes are cherished of finding a passage to the North of Cumberland Straits, where Captain Ross conceives he has settled that there is none. We confess that we are against him in this hypothesis: he may be correct, but he certainly has not solved the problem. The very sound, the Lancaster Sound of Baffin in latitude 74° 19', which was most investigated, seems to be left in as much doubt as those Straits which were passed without examination. We know not what is meant by there being "no indication of a passage," nor does the absence of a current, of drift wood, and of a swell from the North-west, at all decide the question. After standing up

this bay (if it must be called so) about eighty miles, Captain R. says,

I distinctly saw the land, round the bottom of the bay, forming a connected chain of mountains, with those which extended along the North and South sides. The land appeared to be at the distance of eight leagues; at this moment I also saw a continuity of ice, at the distance of seven miles, extending from one side of the bay to the other, between the nearest cape to the North, which I named after Sir George Warrender, and that to the South, which was named after Viscount Castlereagh. The mountains, which occupied the centre, in a North and South direction, were named Croker's Mountains, after the Secretary to the Admiralty. The South-west corner, which formed a spacious bay, completely occupied by ice, was named Barrow's Bay.

Notwithstanding the worthy navigator appears thus to have shut us out from all access to the Pacific in this direction, by employing the names of the whole Board of Admiralty and some of the cabinet to boot, we are still so sceptical as to imagine that a way through is as likely to be found in Lancaster Sound, as any where else on the coast. It is strange that Captain Ross should speak so positively of chains of mountains entirely crossing the bay, when his own description of the illusions caused by the refraction of light must show that vision was little to be depended upon even for the shape of objects; and surely a sailor need not have gone far from England to be aware that the most obvious and apparent obstacles of land are not always sure indications of the impossibility of discovering winding and sinuous passages by water. The river Thames would never have been sailed up from the Nore to London Bridge, had such appearances been deemed infallible; and Milford Haven, from the cross-bearings of the land about it, could never be suspected from the sea-view of being aught but a small and shallow bay. On sounding too, when nearest the termination of this bay, 680 fathoms of line were out, and five new species of worms were brought up by the clamm; both of which we take to be considerable indications hostile to Captain Ross's theory, though he passes over the latter in silence, and meets the former by observing, that the bays were always the deepest water on the opposite coast, and also in some parts of Norway and the Baltic. In fine, we consider, that the inquiry in this quarter utterly fails.

On the 1st of September, however, the boats landed a party on the southernmost cape of Lancaster's Sound, called Cape Byam Martin, and took formal

possession of the country in the name and on behalf of his Britannic Majesty. Of our new dominions, the following is the account:—

At six, the boats returned with many specimens of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. A white bear had been seen and wounded, but escaped by swimming to an iceberg. The skeleton of a whale was found about 500 yards above high-water mark, and two small pieces of wood at a still greater distance from the sea. No traces of any inhabitants were seen, and the circumference of the bones of the whale being entire, seems to strengthen the supposition that this part of the country was not, nor had been, inhabited for a great length of time. The deer, fox, ermine, and white hare, were either seen, or proved to be in abundance, and specimens of the two latter were brought on board. It appeared from the reports of all the officers, that they landed on a shingle beach, at the mouth of a small river, which was described to be one hundred feet wide, and the water two feet deep: the bed was twelve feet deep, and several pieces of birch bark were found in it; and, at a little distance from these, another smaller river was discovered. The valleys from which these proceed, were found to be covered with verdure and wild flowers; the mountains on each side were immensely high, and covered with snow. On the SE. of the valley there was a small plain, which was also covered with verdure, and the scenery, altogether, was much more pleasing than any that had been seen during the voyage. The rise and fall of the tide was represented to be by some five, by others four, feet, but the stream was not perceptible; the water was deep close to the shore, and there was no anchoring ground found.

To this rather interesting account of our rather barren new possessions, we have only to add that the latitude is  $73^{\circ} 37' N.$  long.  $77^{\circ} 25' W.$  and variation  $110^{\circ} 00' W.$

Though it appears to us that Captain Ross has not succeeded in accomplishing the principal objects of the Expedition, and indeed done little more than corroborate the wonderfully accurate observations of Baffin, who had no such advantages in shipping, in instruments, and in equipments; yet it should be recorded, to his honour, that, during the whole voyage, there was not a single punishment, nor one case of sickness. A trait of noble conduct, worthy of a British seaman, is also disclosed in the following, where, speaking of the newly-found tribe of Eskimaux, it is stated,

They could not be made to understand what was meant by war, nor had they any warlike weapons; and I gave strict and positive orders that no fire-arms, or other warlike weapons, should be shewn them, or given to them on any account, and when they were with us all shooting parties were

called in. They seemed to have no diseases among them, nor could we learn that they died of any complaints peculiar to this or any other country. We saw no deformed persons among them, nor could we find out that there were any.

It is to the first sentence of this extract that we desire to point attention. Like the happy people of Loo Choo, even these rude savages are blessedly ignorant of some of the worst fruits of civilization, and Captain Ross's admirable proceedings in this respect alone, entitles his name to be enrolled with that of the intrepid and illustrious Cook, whose humanity redounded, as much as his gallant perseverance, to the everlasting fame of his country.

The invention of the machine for taking soundings from the bottom of any fathomable depth, called the *Deep Sea Clamm*, is also a credit to the Author of the volume before us. It consists of

A hollow parallelogram of cast iron, (1 cwt.) eighteen inches long, six by six, and four by five inches wide. A spindle passes through it, to a joint of which the forceps are attached and kept extended by a joint bolt: when the bolt touches the ground the forceps act, and are closed by a cast-iron weight slipping down the spindle, and keeping fast the contents till brought up for examination.

By this instrument the deepest soundings ever reached in Baffin's Bay, were taken at 1050 fathoms! and it was ascertained that the bottom of the sea, like the land, was very mountainous. The mud was extremely soft: lat.  $73^{\circ} 23'$ .

The instrument came up completely full, containing about six pounds of mud, mixed with a few stones and some sand. Although this mud was of a substance to appearance much coarser than that which we had before obtained, it was also of a much looser nature, and had in it no insects or organic remains; but a small star-fish was found attached to the line below the point marking 800 fathoms. The instrument took twenty-seven minutes to descend the whole distance. When at 500 fathoms, it descended at the rate of one fathom per second, and when near 1000 fathoms down, it took one second and a half per fathom.

It took an hour "for all hands" to get it up again from this prodigious depth, and the result of the experiments, by the self-registering thermometer, which it took down, proved that the water was colder in proportion as it became deeper. The temperature at 660 fathoms was  $25\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ; at 400,  $28^{\circ}$ ; at 200,  $29^{\circ}$ ; and at 100,  $30^{\circ}$ .

We cannot pass uncommended the excellence of all the nautical and philosophical observations, and the very superior manner in which they are demon-

strated by the expensive tables, &c. given in this work. It is true that, owing apparently to the misunderstanding with Captain Sabine, the geological and natural history departments are defective; of the former we learn little more than that gneiss and granite are the chief formations in these Northern regions, and of the latter nothing beyond what has been stated in small compass, in a preceding Number of the *Literary Gazette*. The facts relative to variations of the compass are more correctly and intelligently ascertained. The result is,

That every ship has an individual attraction, which affects the compasses on board her; different in different ships, not always progressive, but often irregular, and impossible to be reduced to rule.

That the point of change is not the same in different parts of a ship.

That the deviation does not always continue the same under the same apparent circumstances, and varies according to the point the ship's head is on.

That the deviation is materially affected by heat and cold, as well as by atmospheric humidity and density; and that the direction of the wind as well as the dip, has an irregular effect on the deviation.

We have already noticed some remarkable natural phenomena. In latitude  $74^{\circ} 19'$ ,

In one place, nearly between Cape Fanshawe and Elizabeth's Bay, two rocks, resembling human figures, of a gigantic size, were seen in a sitting posture, on the very highest peak; and as it was considerably above the clouds, their appearance was both extraordinary and interesting.

The Aurora borealis was frequently visible in September and October: occasionally all round the horizon, and sometimes "in the true South"! These co-oscinations were amazingly brilliant.

We have now only to notice the return of the expedition to Brassa Sound, on the 7th of November. All the journals, even those of a private nature, were claimed by the Admiralty, and given up. The conduct of the officers and crews of both ships was approved of, and it was intimated that they might volunteer for the new Expedition in the spring (now about to sail,) when nearly the whole embraced the offer.

The ornamental parts of the volume are beautiful and splendid; the scientific part, of the utmost value; and the whole a credit to the spirit of the publisher.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

*Tour of their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria.*

(Continued.)

The first excursion which we made at Newcastle, was to visit the coal-mines. As you

go to Shields, you see on the right and left a number of open shafts which lead to the subterranean galleries. They are distinguishable by the smoke rising from the steam-engines, and which issues from their chimneys. Here is found one of the most considerable strata of coal in Europe; for in the country between the Blyth and the Tyne, and between the Tyne and the Wear, the last layer is of pure coal. In several sections there are seen as many as six different superpositions; the upper stratum of the mine is of sandstone, of aluminous schistus, and often of common argillaceous iron ore. The kind of coal found here is pitch-coal; there is but little cannel coal.

These mines belong partly to individuals, partly to companies.

The miners employed in these works dwell in long houses, built purposely for them, near the shafts, which makes each of these mines resemble a little village.

One of the inspectors who conducted us, shewed us on the left side of the road a work which was inundated, or drowned, as they call it, some time ago. Seventy-four persons lost their lives. An extent of eight hundred English acres was covered by the water. In spite of every exertion it has not been possible to reduce it more than eleven feet.

We passed by a mine, near which a great heap of coal was burning: our conductor explained to us, that it was the refuse of the coal which is heaped up and burnt, without deriving any advantage from it. It is so abundant, that after supplying all the steam-engines employed in the mines, and after the poor of the country have taken as much as they please, there still remains a large quantity, of which no use is made. As the duties are the same upon the small coal (or dust) as on the large, and the latter being more in request, it is not worth while (as we were told) to offer the small for sale, so that it is burned when the quantity becomes so large as to be in the way. An attempt was made to send this small coal to London, for the use of the poor, but the heavy duty caused it to be given up, and thousands of quintals of the best coal are annually burnt, which might however be turned to better account. This, for example, is the kind of coal the best adapted for the production of gas-light, and many towns in England might be lighted with the refuse of the coal-mines of Newcastle. As these coals are changed by combustion into glassy scorie, and produce no ashes, neither manure nor potash can be obtained from them.

We visited one of the shafts of the mine of which our guide was inspector; it belongs to a company of six persons.

At a small distance from this mine is a great heap of sand: it is sand from the Thames, which the Newcastle colliers are obliged to take on their return as ballast, when the river is cleansed.

The mine into which we descended has three entrances near to each other. One is for the entrance of the miners, the other for drawing up the coal, and the

third for pumping out the water. The coal is raised from the mine by means of a steam-engine, on the ancient principle of Watt. \* \* \*

As it was Saturday, we saw the miners come out; eight or nine of them suspend themselves to a chain fastened to the end of the rope, and ascend in this manner. The children get into the baskets in which the coal is drawn up, and three or four are seen in the same basket. The occupation of these children, partly consists in driving the horses, which bring the coal to the shaft of the mine, which is done upon iron rail-roads. Thus the horses remain under ground for years together. In the mine which we visited there were sixty employed in this subterranean labour. The shaft is eight hundred feet deep. The mine extends a mile under ground. Two little iron sledges, each drawn by one horse, bring the coal to the shaft; while two full baskets ascend, two empty ones descend again, and are carried back upon the sledges to an esplanade, where they are loaded. From almost each of these esplanades (which are very numerous) an iron rail-road leads to an open space, where all the roads join with two, which are also iron rail roads. These roads, of which there is a great number about Newcastle, are of two kinds: the *flat roads*, which have only a plate of iron, and the *edge-railed roads*, which form a certain projection. Experience has shewn these last to be the best. The wheels of the carts are of cast iron, and they have a projection which obliges the cart to remain in the track: each of these carts, when loaded, weighs 153 cwt. In the middle of the cart is a wooden lever, by means of which, the man who is behind is able, by merely pressing it, to check the cart when going down hill. Formerly there were also wooden rail-roads, but they disappear by degrees.

The rail-roads have surmounted all the difficulties of carriage, which is performed in this manner with the greatest facility and rapidity, and at the least expense. We must add to this the steam-waggons: they go on the edge-rail roads, or on a particular kind of road. They are of three different kinds: I saw them at Newcastle, and subsequently at Leeds, where the inventor, Mr. Blackinshop, has introduced them. They have all the three kinds at Newcastle, but we saw only one: it has three wheels, and goes on the flat roads. \* \* \* This machine has narrow wheels; it draws after it even carts carrying together from 24 to 50 tons of coals. When the road ascends, or the machine meets with an obstacle, it stops, and then it is necessary to increase the power of the steam, by adding to the fire. If the machine did not exist, each of the carts would be drawn by one horse, and would cost 50 pounds sterling per annum. They go from seven to nine miles in an hour, when the road is even. The expense of making the rail-roads is 1200*l.* per mile.

A steam-engine by Watt acts at the shaft at which the coal is drawn out, and puts in motion, at the same time, the

pumps which draw the water from the third shaft. The necessary steam is produced by five cylindrical boilers. This steam-engine is very large; its cylinder is 63 inches in diameter, and its power is equal to that of a hundred and forty horses. . . . The machine is very simple; it raises 400 gallons of water every minute. The shaft is 800 feet in depth down to the lower reservoir, which it exhausts. At some distance from the shaft there is a grate, under which fire is made to dry the baskets.

We next went to the place where the coals are loaded in the vessels: it is pretty near to the shaft; two iron rail-roads lead to it. At the beginning of the road, one or two carts are drawn by one horse; afterwards, where it begins to descend, the horses are taken off, and the cart proceeds of itself to the loading place, which is a kind of stage over the river, and covered in. Two large troughs, strongly lined with tin, descend obliquely. The vessels come under this stage; when the cart arrives, a hook is unfastened, the bottom opens, and the coals descend by the troughs into the vessel. The cart is drawn back to make room for another; for this purpose the two roads converge towards the stage; so that the carts may avoid each other, the cart is made to pass from one track to the other by means of a wooden lever, cased with iron. The most important condition for the sale is, that the coals arrive very dry at London. They are not readily bought wet; they are therefore loaded as quickly as possible in the transports, and there protected from the rain. In places where the river is not so near the mine as in that which we visited, large covered magazines have been erected.

#### A MAGNIFICENT MONUMENT.

*Extract of a private letter from Stuttgart, dated February 16, 1819.*

DEAR FATHER,

I have now been here three days, and . . . . . The death of the Queen of Wurtemberg is still the general topic of conversation, and to describe to you in a word, how much the loss of that Princess is felt, I need only say that the sorrow for our late excellent Princess Charlotte was not in our own country more severe, or more the subject of universal regret.

The affliction of the King also bears a perfect similarity to that of our amiable Prince Leopold.

After recovering from the stupor of affliction, his first step was to give the most precise directions for the perpetuation of the many benevolent institutions which owed their origin to the late Queen, the protection of which, these are his own words, "he considers as a sacred legacy left to him to discharge." Such are,

"The Benevolent Society, for the relief and employment of the Poor."

"The Society for the encouragement of Agriculture and Industry."

"The School for Indigent Girls," now called "Catherine School."

And "The Savings Banks."

These Institutions are a speaking proof to what advantage that active and benevolent Princess knew to apply her anxious researches after the Institutions of our country.

The King of Wurtemberg, and the Members of the above-named Societies, have therefore conjointly resolved to erect a Monument worthy of commemorating their illustrious Queen, mother of her country, (Landes Mutter,) as she is called. Subscriptions are opened, where the high and low, the rich and the poor, contribute their mite, according to their means.

And what is this Monument to be?

"The Catherine Hospital," for the reception of the indigent sick; for the delivery of poor women, with which is to be connected a School for Midwifery; and if the funds are sufficient, an Hospital for the Ophthalmia.

This naturally leads me to consider what Monument is to be devised for our Princess, towards which such liberal subscriptions have been received.

Is it to be a mere Mausoleum, without any other idea attached to it?

This has too much of Eastern despotism in it, or the cold display of Roman magnificence.

Do not, however, think that my love of the Arts, which made me undertake this journey, has subsided; on the contrary, I love and esteem them as highly as ever; but it seems to me that Art was then even greatest among the Ancients, when it was called for to ennobel a great and useful purpose—witness their temples, their statues, &c. for the commemoration of great men and great actions.

I would wish for a Monument to commemorate our lamented Princess, in style worthy of her and of a great nation. Let the mind-elevating grandeur of architecture, embellished with noble sculpture, be combined to a pious purpose, such as the benevolent soul of the departed would approve.

Let a noble Portico exhibit in sculpture some subject analogous, from the Holy Scripture, to unite our remembrance of the beloved Princess with a pious impression, and let that attractive and imposing scene enclose the practical execution of the sentiments which it inspires.

The funds hitherto received might perhaps be not more than sufficient to raise so worthy a monument, but no doubt the liberality of Englishmen would, by a continuance of yearly contribution, complete the holy purpose for which it was begun.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

##### OXFORD, APRIL 17.

Congregations will be holden for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees, on the following days in the ensuing Easter Term, viz.—Wednesday, April 21st; Thursday, May the 6th; Thursday, the 13th; Saturday, the 21st; Friday, the 22d.

Yesterday the election at Oriel College concluded, at which the following gentle-

men were elected Fellows?—Samuel Rickards, B.A. of Oriel College; Joseph Dornford, B.A. of Queen's College; John Withers, B.A. of Christ Church; Hartley Coleridge, of Merton College.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### SALE OF THE LONDON MUSEUM.

This sale, the nature of which we noticed in our last, has excited, as was to be expected, a considerable sensation abroad; and we learn that the most celebrated continental naturalists, and especially those in the direction of National collections, have either arrived in, or are on their way to London from France, Holland, and Germany, in order to make purchases for their several Institutions. While we state, we cannot but regret this fact: we are sorry to anticipate, that in all probability the rarest and richest specimens of natural history in the world are about to be dispersed over Europe, instead of adorning a British Museum; that the treasures which only England could acquire, England alone cannot afford to preserve. It is truly mortifying to reflect on this topic; and to those who think with us that science is wealth, and knowledge strength, it will long be a matter of sorrow that the legislature does not step forward to secure at least the most valuable portion of this collection. The unrivalled Mosaic pavements too—surely the floor of Nero's Bath, unequalled except in the Vatican, and the other specimens in Mr. Bullock's catalogue (things never to be regained nor replaced) will not be suffered to be sold out of the country. We are convinced that if a patriotic subscription were set on foot, they would be bought for the general property.

#### THE FINE ARTS.

Exhibitions of such attraction and variety claim our attention at this season of the year, which is also, unluckily for us, the busiest for new publications, that we cannot do them all the justice we desire. This week, in particular, we must be brief, if we are numerous in our notices.

##### THE BRITISH GALLERY,

Of the opening of which we gave intimation three weeks ago, and prepared the public for a noble treat, did open on Monday, and we are sure, with such a collection as more than realized all the expectations previously raised. It contains 155 pictures of every description, and of the foremost class in each. The Italian, the Flemish, the French, and the Spanish Schools, are all fully represented in this parliament of genius—all ages, and the perfections of almost every great master, have their specimens here. We formerly mentioned the contributions which several noblemen and gentlemen had offered for this patriotic Institution, but many have since come forward

with treasures which have prodigiously improved the Exhibition. Among these, though we shall not now enter upon particulars, it would be improper to pass over the glorious works from HIS MAJESTY'S collection, and from that of the Prince Regent. The former have been little seen for many years, and never beyond a very limited circle. But the liberality of our illustrious Prince, never more honourably conspicuous than in encouraging the Fine Arts, has now placed before every eye some of the finest Gaspar Poussins in existence, besides productions of Titian, Claude, Rubens, Vandyke, Parmegiano, A del Sarto, Tinteretto, Holbein, and the splendid Cartoon of *The Sacrifice*. The Prince Regent has sent fine Cuyps, Rembrandts, Potters, &c. &c.; the Duke of Wellington some excellent Flemish drolls, and masterpieces of Snyders, together with two examples of *Platze*, a painter unknown to us. The Earl of Carlisle is the donor of many most interesting pictures; the Earl of Darley of some grand Salvators; the Marquis of Bute of an incomparable Hobbima, &c.; the Right Hon. Charles Long of Teniers' Misers, &c.; Viscount Ranelagh a delicious Cuyp. And we find among the names of other public-spirited individuals, not previously recorded by us, The Earl of Ashburnham, The Earl of Suffolk, Sir Henry Wellesley, K.B. Sir T. Baring, Bart. Sir Simon H. Clarke, Bart. Hon. Gen. Phipps, Sir A. Lechmere, Bart. Sir Henry Smith, Bart. W. R. Cartwright, Esq. M.P. F. Freeling, Esq. Alexander Day, Esq. G. J. Cholmondeley, Esq. Rev. Edward Balme, and Mrs. Morland.

The tout ensemble of this Gallery is delightful, beyond the power of language to convey. The noblest works reward the gaze of the enthusiast in arts, while the highest finished efforts in the familiar style afford either an agreeable relief to these, or a principal source of pleasure to less instructed amateurs. We are risking the charge of invidious particularization, but we cannot help observing that No. 1. The Vision of St. Jerome, by Parmegiano; 30. The Vision of St. Helena, by P. Veronese, on an outline of Raphael; and 64. The Virgin, with the infant Christ and St. John, by Raphael himself, are peculiarly worthy of admiration.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.

This, the fifteenth annual exhibition of the Society, commenced at the Great Room, Spring Gardens, on Monday last. There are 350 pieces, many of which confer so much fame on our contemporary native artists, that we can look at the glorious display of ancient art which we have just noticed, without any other feeling than that it is a stimulus worthy of their genius rather than an overwhelming spectacle to confound their hopes. From such a number of pictures it is not easy to select the most meritorious for criticism, because beauty and talent are often comprised into a small compass; and while bulk, situation, vivid colouring, attract

the eye at a first and second visit, it is only by a regular examination that we detect the retired graces of some gems of perhaps greater worth, though less obvious to the cursory view. Generally speaking, we find the majority of the usual exhibitors at their posts of honour, with an average increase of reputation. By the Members of the Society, we saw several exceedingly good works, to which the names of George Barrett, J. Crisall, C. Fielding, Harriet Gouldsmith, G. F. Robson, William Turner (of Oxford,) and J. Varley, &c. were affixed; and by other painters a multitude of clever things, of which we shall notice as many as our limits admit during the Exhibition.

No. 13. Falstaff acting the King, by H. Richter, seems to carry water-colour to the acme of force and splendour. The Chief Character alone is exceptional, being too full of muscle and vigour for the Falstaff of Shakspeare. But Doll Tearsheet is *superb*, the very Bacchante of East-cheap, full of flesh, of laughter, and jollity; a wench not debased below that standard which might tempt a gay young prince to abandon the Court awhile for the dissolute intercourse of the tavern. Nor should the splendid nose of Bardolph pass without its due meed of praise: nor the rest of the companions, nor the boy charmingly painted on the left, nor the Prince himself with something noble in his demeanour on the right. The latter resembles Wallack the actor.

Nos. 37, 47, 82, 139, are other scenes with Falstaff, by J. Carse. They possess a good deal of humorous expression; and there is much truth and character in 105, Jack Cade condemning the Clerk of Chatham, by the same.

No. 40. Ulysses in search of Eumæus: morning. G. Barrett. A large and well-conceived landscape, of the highest historical class. It is, however, poor in its details, and wants toning down, even in its best parts, which consist of the middle and sky. These do not blend at all, and the foreground is very slight and sketchy. Yet taken from a distance, the whole has a grand effect, and is certainly susceptible of being made a great view.

No. 93. The Burial of Saul. By J. Varley. Is another landscape belonging to the highest class. It is replete with sentiment, —the trees and buildings of a grand and gloomy character, —the procession deep and awful. Mr. Varley is, we believe, but new in oils, and, if so, this is a picture of uncommon promise. It will bear some further labour in the details, but nothing, we think, can improve the mind and feeling which it so forcibly displays.

Nos. 34, 53, 67, 110. Four exquisite little scenes from nature, by J. Stark. There is here and there a little too much making out, but the tone of all these pictures is very sweet, and the management altogether excellent.

Nos. 29, 63, 70, 85, 86, 101, 102, 109, 114. Views, &c. by Miss Harriet Gouldsmith. We had occasion to compliment this lady on her performances at the late

Exhibition of the British Institution, and have now to repeat our approbation of her manner and taste. What renders these works more interesting is that four of them are Views of Claremont, and to fine execution in the mechanical part, superadd the charm of being exact representations of a spot melancholically dear to every British bosom. It is really more than commonly gratifying to have such a subject so treated by a female hand!

Nos. 76, 81, 209. Views, by F. Nash. The first and last are of Southwark Bridge, and have great merit. It shows much skill to paint a rather captivating picture, from such a subject as an unfinished bridge, with its timber centres, &c. "but so it is."

#### SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY

More than divided the attractions of the town on this Monday, so fruitful of Exhibitions of Art. About 500 visitors were admitted at Hill Street, and we were glad to notice among them many foreigners of celebrity, who must imbibe a highly favourable idea of the British School, from the spectacle there presented. We hear of some embryo exhibitions of the same kind with that of which Sir J. L. has set so invaluable an example, but partly composed of pictures sent in for the occasion by the Artists who painted them. This, if carried into practice, can never obtain our humble vote of approbation, —we want, what the art is now largely receiving, bona fide encouragement, and not mere shows for the gratification of individual vanity, or that gentlemen's mansions should be converted into sale rooms. —With great regret we are authorised to state, that "on account of the severe indisposition of Lady Leicester, the view of Sir John Leicester's Gallery is unavoidably postponed till Monday, May 3, when tickets given out for Monday next will be admitted."

#### MR. FAWKES' GALLERY.

The two last Tuesdays being wet, we have not re-visited this commendable and interesting place. Our fitful climate has, on these days, been *congenial* but not *propitious* to water-colour drawings; and if the weather does not mend, our readers must be content with our few original *dry* observations on the opening, instead of some more extended general and particular remarks which we proposed to offer.

#### ARTISTS' FUND.

The tenth anniversary dinner, to commemorate and promote the interests of the association formed for relieving the Widows and Orphans of such Artists as are members of the fund, "The Artists' Annuity Fund," was held at Freemasons' Tavern on Tuesday. Sir Benjamin Hobhouse was in the chair. By a very animated and feeling speech from the worthy Baronet, and by an address, not very well nor advisedly written, prefixed to a book of the subscriptions put into the hands of the company, (which amounted to about 200) the nature and

objects of this Institution were explained, and its claims to favour enforced. We were rather sorry to see so few persons of rank and distinction on this occasion. Artists are perhaps not good managers in matters of real life, and we are afraid that there may have been something too exclusive in the operations of this Society, for obtaining that universal support which the admirable ends it has in view so justly merit. There was, however, a very handsome subscription, and it was stated that the fund amounted to between three and four thousand pounds, though the charity was in full and active operation.

Having had occasion last year to notice the rather incommodious want of order which prevailed at a dinner of Artists, it gives us pleasure to say that the present meeting was distinguished for very pleasing and social regularity. The speeches delivered by Sir B. Hobhouse and Mr. Shee were energetic and appropriate, the music agreeable, and the company every way respectable. Messrs. Soane, Stothard, Callcott, Jackson, Mulready, Bailey, and Cooper, of the Royal Acad. were present. The dinner and wines were excellent, and did much credit to the Tavern, as the tickets were only 16s.

#### HARLOW'S PICTURE OF THE KEMBLE FAMILY.

Sir,

In your paper of Saturday, March 27, you continued your biographical sketch of the late Mr. Harlow, in which you have stated one or two circumstances so very wide of the truth, that I feel confident you will most readily allow me to state what I know of my own knowledge, and thereby rectify an error you have been led into through misinformation. The part I allude to is where you mention the picture of the Kembles painted for Mr. Welsh, the history of which is as follows:—Mr. W. employed Mr. Harlow to paint a whole-length figure of Mrs. Siddons upon a small scale, from recollection, in the character of Queen Catharine, for which he was to give Mr. Harlow 20 guineas, his usual price for that sized picture. After Mr. H. had commenced the picture, he conceived the idea of painting a large one of the subject, and to introduce various portraits: he mentioned his wish to Mr. Welsh, telling him, that if he (Mr. Welsh) could induce Mrs. Siddons to sit for her portrait, he would paint him a picture worthy of the subject. At Mr. Welsh's particular request, Mrs. Siddons consented to sit, and on a day appointed she went to Mr. Harlow's; Mr. Welsh was present, and was quite astonished to find the idea of his picture sketched in chalk upon the large panel. After this, Mr. W. waited upon him, and informed him it was not possible for him to afford to pay for so large a picture. Mr. Harlow told him the picture was his for the twenty guineas, for that he should be amply repaid by the reputation it would get him, and that he should owe every thing to Mr. W. for getting Mrs. Siddons to sit. Mr. W. also

procured most of the persons whose portraits are introduced, to sit, as an obligation to himself. When the picture was done, Mr. Welsh presented him with 100 guineas, which Mr. Harlow has told me often he considered very handsome conduct, as the picture was certainly painted for Mr. W. for 20, and it was his own fault he had done so much; but, added he, "it will make a noise at Somerset House, and then I can do as I please." The very day after the exhibition was opened, he doubled his price for portraits. In addition to the 100 guineas, Mr. Welsh gave up to Mr. Harlow every advantage which might be obtained from the publishing of a print; and Mr. Harlow not wishing to be troubled with printselling, I gave him 100 guineas for the copyright to engrave a print from the picture at my own expence; and so far from Mr. Welsh having received of me 500 guineas for the loan of it, I never gave him a single shilling, as he always told me he had given up the right of publication entirely to Mr. Harlow.—I hope the above account will convince you that the imputations cast upon Mr. Welsh by your informant are wholly undeserved, and I trust to your candour to allow this refutation a place in your journal.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WILLIAM CRIBB.

13, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

P. S. If you should wish to see my agreement with Mr. Harlow, I shall be happy to shew it to you.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.]

Thoughts borrowed from the beautiful EYES of Mrs. B.

They open like the lids of morn  
When first the summer sun is born:  
Yet gentle is the fire that flies  
From that so lovely lady's eyes,  
For she hath power without the will to harm.  
—With what an inimitable charm  
Have I seen their splendour stream  
Downward, full of languishment;  
Then rise again, like a star-beam  
Flashing from its blue element,  
And lighting all the heaven around—  
Her smile?—it is a smile indeed—  
And on her lips sits beauty crowned  
With roses, on which love might feed.  
As Isis' own, her raven hair  
Comes sweeping 'round her forehead fair,  
Like the coronal of a queen.—  
—One, alone, as bright as she  
Was (in ancient Egypt) seen,  
When the Roman triumph  
Bowed his "armed neck" to her  
Who of the race of Ptolemy  
Was last, and greatest—and did sigh  
For love, as at her feet he lay,  
And for her flung a world away.

P.

WALLACE.

[Suggested by a notice in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.]

Listen, thou land of Scotland!—and as I speak  
Of your dead heroes with a reverence that

Becomes these slighter days, Oh! let your plains

And aged rocks, forests, and stormy shores,  
And piny mountains, where the eagle builds  
His home, re-echo me. I sing of him  
Who gave his name renowned to endless time,  
WALLACE, the hero and the sage, who raised  
From barren heaths and woods a spirit that  
Still lives amongst them; great as that which

sprung

In those remote and finer times of Greece  
When men stood up for freedom, and dying

gave

Undying fame to many a rugged spot—  
High Phyle, watery Salamis, and the plains  
Of Marathon, and—lost Thermopylae.  
Listen, ye mountain men! Have ye forgot  
That Wallace (never let his mighty name  
Be breathed but by the brave) gave up his life  
To noble acts, and fought and freed your land  
From tyranny? He was the friend of Bruce,  
Your patriot king,—but I may speak of him  
Hereafter; now the rugged soldier stirs  
The blood within me. — — — Oh! he was the

first

Of all your sons: a model and an aim  
That purer spirits sought to imitate.  
Not his the brute courage, which the tiger bears  
Insensible to right: no plunderer he,  
Nor one who sought for power, or the mere name  
Of false and empty glory; but he stood  
Among the mountains like a man, that feared  
Nothing—but self-reproach. He had an arm  
As mighty as the storied men, whom bards  
Have fabled, sprung from nymphs and deities;  
And had he dwelt upon those pleasant plains  
Athenian, when that beautiful creed prevailed  
Which turned men into gods, he would have now  
Shone a proud spirit in the deep blue skies,  
Like Jove or star'd Orion—and the youths  
Of this his country, who on summer nights  
Wander forth, gazing at those floating orbs,  
Might thence have drawn a feeling and a hope,  
Prompting to noble actions. Wallace lived  
A man—no more—yet feared as cowards fear  
The bounding waters, when their frail bark ride  
On the tempestuous billows tossing high,  
That lash the Biscay shore. In battle he  
Was like the withering pestilence, and stern  
As the roused lion on the scorched sands  
Of Asia, when he tears the fierce blood hounds,  
And, like a king, rears up his crest, and shakes  
Death from his brindled mane.

And yet he lies  
(The peerless soldier) in his turfed grave,  
And not a solitary marble tells  
His story. Haply this is fit; for he  
Lives bright in song and hist'ry, and the hills,  
Where he once fought so well, attest his fame;  
And old tradition hath been busy with  
His feats, and stamped his name with powers that  
May not belong to man. — — Yet hearken all  
Who in your hearts love honour; doth it yield  
Honour to ye to let your hero lie  
Without a monument? Oh! ye have giv'n  
To many a humbler and less gracious name,  
Pillars and graven tablets; shall he lie,  
Who fought your fights, and vindicated man,  
In the base dust for ever? — — If my hand  
Were powerful, he should not lie without  
His pillar'd sepulchre; for I would build  
A column to his name, and would inscribe  
"WALLACE,"—and haply on the base record,  
In my own country's character, how he fought  
And bled and conquered. And that BRUCE, his

friend,

Took at his hand—a crown; and, nobler far,  
Caught from the veteran soldier a fine spirit,  
And spread it through the land. Oh! never may  
Thy great and social spirit die, sweet Scotland!  
Thou land of hospitality and love,

Stern sense, and courage, and wild poetry!  
Long may each yield thee pleasure. For myself,  
This is my first poor offering. May it be  
Grateful, and well beloved.

R. M'GREGOR.

[By Correspondents.]

#### A DREAM.

I thought, by spells of wond'rous power  
I did obtain, at midnight's hour,  
An entrance to that place where lay  
The dead of ages past,  
On whom the quiv'ring lightnings play,  
And Winter's hollow blast.

I thought I fearless trod the gloom,  
And fleetly past each rich-wrought tomb;  
But as I pass'd, my spells around  
I flung about,  
When swift was heard a deaf'ning sound,  
A frightful shout.

Each mouldering tomb, each lowly grave,  
Heav'd strong as winter's wildest wave,  
Kings grasped their sceptres once again,  
Each Bard his lyre strung,  
The Warrior thought to press the plain,  
Where Conquest's echo's rung.

I gathered up each spell once more,  
All sunk in silence as before,  
The tomb received each honouring guest,  
The marble yawn'd again—  
To wake them from their place of rest,  
The thunder rolls in vain.

D.

#### THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

To the home of my childhood in sorrow I came;  
And I fondly expected to find it the same—  
Full of sunshine and joy; as I thought it to be  
In the days when the world was all sunshine  
to me:

Those scenes were unaltered by time, and I stood  
Looking down on the village, half hid by the  
wood,

That happy abode, where I used to possess  
A Father's affection, a Mother's caress.

To others those scenes are as bright as before,  
But I can rejoice in their brightness no more;  
I stand in the home of my childhood alone,  
For the friends of my childhood are all of them  
gone:

'Twas joy shared by others—the laugh and the  
jest,

That gave to this spot all the charms it possess;  
And here the remembrance oppresses me most,  
Of all I once valued,—of all I have lost!  
How vain was my prayer, that the place might  
retain

Its delights, if I e'er should behold it again!  
Those who made it delightful no longer are near;  
And loneliness seems so unnatural here.

Thus He who in age at a ball-room has been,  
Where in youth his gay spirit gave life to the  
scene,

Still sighs for the fair ones he loved; and to him  
The dance must be cheerless, the brilliancy dim.

Oh! where are the dreams, ever happy and new;  
And the eye, with felicity always in view;  
And the juvenile thoughtlessness, laughing at  
fear,

Which reigned in my bosom, when last I was  
here?

And where are the hopes that I used to enjoy,  
The hopes of a light-hearted, spirited boy?  
When the present and past had as little of gloom,  
As I then thought of finding in moments to come.

Bath, April 8.

Q IN THE CORNER.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,

Your Poetical department gives frequent examples of the polished expression of refined feeling: by way of contrast, allow me to present you with a specimen of similar sentiments in the simple language of Nature. Though not original, it has never, I believe, been in print.—K.

#### SONG—AN IRISH MELODY.

The morning was fine, and the month was July,  
The Sun in the East it illumined the sky,  
When I first met my Kathleen,  
My dear little Kathleen—my Kathleen dear.

She milk'd a dun cow, which ne'er offered to stir;  
Tho' wicked she was, she was gentle to her,  
So sweet was my Kathleen,  
My dear little Kathleen—my Kathleen dear.

She sung a new ballad; and when her voice  
thrilled,  
You'd swear the whole garden with music was  
filled,  
So sweet sung my Kathleen,  
My dear little Kathleen—my Kathleen dear.

As she sat at the door one fine afternoon,  
To hear the cuckoo and to look at the moon,  
Oh chilled was my Kathleen,  
My dear little Kathleen—my Kathleen dear.

She caught a sad cold, which fell on her chest,  
And Kitty is now (tho' I'm not) at rest,  
For I weep for my Kathleen,  
My dear little Kathleen—my Kathleen dear.

The bird of all birds that I love the best  
Is the Robin, that in the church-yard builds its  
nest,  
For it seems to watch Kathleen—hops lightly on  
Kathleen,  
My dear little Kathleen—my Kathleen dear.

"CAVIARE TO THE MULTITUDE."

Shakespeare.

No wonder Sir John's splendid house should  
attract,  
Like a magnet, the world of Fashion and Tact,  
There the beauties of nature and art may be  
found,  
And HOPE—lovely HOPE—smiles enchantment  
around.

L. M.

#### EPIGRAM.

Complimentary to a Theatrical Company.

Thus a Playwright, at Drury Lane, lately ex-  
claimed,

When the toil of arranging his drama was past;  
"Well, now, since the characters fairly are  
named,

By my soul, but my Tragedy's cast." G.

#### THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

#### SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. XII.

PRINCIPLES AND NO PRINCIPLES.

"The world has come to such a pass,  
(said the old Knight, as he was reading half  
a dozen of the morning papers, at breakfast-

time) that Vice and Virtue are only known  
by their names; or, rather, that success  
makes the villain white, whilst adversity so  
blackens virtue, that every one turns his  
back upon her. To what purpose has a  
man been strictly conscientious in his deal-  
ings, if failure attend his undertakings? Or  
what reward does fidelity meet with in a  
beautiful woman, who is either left to the  
wide world without fortune, or who is  
abandoned by a reprobate husband? She  
will find plenty to reward her dereliction of  
duty and of honour, but no one to recom-  
pense her for her immovable virtue, and  
for her heroism under temptations.

"I have no patience," continued he,  
turning to an old half-pay officer, his brother,  
"to see you with a wound received at  
Bunker's Hill, and with no more than the  
rank of Lieutenant, and the old half-pay,  
which scarcely buys you snuff and tobacco."  
'Never mind me, Brother,' replied the  
Lieutenant, 'whilst I have you, I need not  
fear.' "True," said the stern Sir Roderic,  
taking him by the hand; "but then you  
are indebted neither to the war minister  
nor to the government for that."

"Look here again, in this paper: Here  
are no less than three trials for crim. con.;  
two baronets' sons pleading to be white-  
washed, but remanded for fraud towards  
their creditors; a score of failures, occa-  
sioned, to my knowledge, by extravagance;  
and more advertisements of quack medi-  
cines, in order to repair the vices of youth,  
than would take an hour to read. All this  
comes from the pride and ambition, the  
prone to pleasure, and the prodigality  
of the times."

Sir Roderic naturally and unconsciously  
combines a sort of sarcasm, and that some-  
times humorous, with his severity. "I turned  
off my butcher, the other day, (said he)  
because I found out that he kept his tilbury  
and his mistress; and I changed my banker,  
because his head clerk frequents the gaming  
table, and therefore my money is safe with  
him no longer."

"I have given my housekeeper warning,  
(he added) because her daughter, by a foot-  
man, her late husband, is educating at the  
Misses Hitchcock's establishment, and is  
learning French, music, drawing, dancing,  
and fancy work. I dare say there is work  
enough with her fancy. But as I suspect  
that my coals and candles, the short weight  
in my meat, and her mother's weekly book  
of sundries is supporting all this, I rather  
think it most prudent to get another in her  
place; for I have no notion of brooms and  
mops buying her a piano forte, nor of plates  
and dishes, never broken, paying her per-  
fumer's bill; no, nor of napkins, sheets,  
and table-cloths, never worn out, swelling  
into Cashmere shawls, nor of Miss Jemima  
Carolina's getting a parasol and a reticule  
out of dishcloths and rubbers."

"My d—d valet, too, dressed so like a  
puppy, that I was obliged to part with him,  
informing him that as I could only afford to  
keep one gentleman, I thought proper to  
give myself the preference; and, since he  
is gone, I find that he has had a host of

debts brought against him, which, in a little time, I should have had the unperceived honour of paying; not to mention the felicity of keeping his wife, who lets ready-furnished lodgings, and who, I am told, drinks her wine, and tastes all the rarities of the season every day.

"No wonder, however, (continued he) that these irregularities should be committed in low-life, when, in the higher circles, all is dishonesty and depravity. No wonder that slaves should wish to be gentlemen, when noblemen and gentlemen descend to the occupations, to the vices and to the frauds which would dishonour the very dregs of the people,—when a man well-born, can turn notorious cheat at cards or dice, can swindle the public by his selfish and clumsy speculations, can turn horse-dealer, procurer to an usurer, or keep a hell or a dinner shop for robbing idiots of their money, under the pretence of passing the time by a little private play.

"By the bye, as I went into a chandler's shop a day or two ago, to change a five pound note, in order to pay the fare of a hackney coach, I heard the sound of a mandoline. The woman of the shop was a dirty hump-backed wretch; but, calling her daughter, Josephine, I beheld a thing all pretensions and making up, in a cambric camisole bordered with point lace, about a quire of brown paper twisting her locks into papilottes, a French shawl thrown over her shoulders, silk stockings, and rose-coloured satin shoes. "Give the gentleman change," said her mother, with a triumphant air, and proud of the opportunity of showing her. "Je n'en ai point," replied the lump of affectation, shrugging up her shoulders like a wet hen, or rather à la Française. Then diving first down her bosom for a gold spangled purse, and next fumbling in her rose-coloured satin shoes, whereby she made an exhibition of more of her chest and ankle than I wished to see—"Ah! que oui!" exclaimed she, I can, (with a most affected curtesy) oblige the gentleman. Yes, thought I, you look devilishly like one who would oblige any gentleman.

"Making, however, my best bow, I inquired how she came to speak French so well. "Vy, (here the Baronet, with a bitter and scornful sneer, seemed to have an angry pleasure in a sort of imitation of the woman's jargon)—Vy," says her mother, who could contain her gratification no longer, at witnessing the affectation of her child, "I has but *one* daughter, and I wishes to make a vuman on her." "Very kind of you," said I; "I dare say she will second your endeavour." "She has all sorts of masters." I'm very glad that I am not one of them, thought I to myself. "They spares no pains upon her," continued the chandler-shop woman, "and I spares no money. (Here I looked at my change, and returned three bad shillings.) Because I wishes her to be above myself." "Don't fear that," replied I; "but where did she pick up all these accomplishments?" "Oh! she's just come from Bulling (Boulogne,) over

the vater; its a monstacious hadvantage—the peace; it felicitates (facilitates) folks in breeding, keep their children comba foe, as my Josephine calls it, and"—Here Miss Josephine put her hand on her mother's lips, crying, "De grace, Ma—mon, (syllabbling the word Ma—mon, and giving it a nasal pronunciation; I am sure the gentleman don't want this exposé of our affaires de famille;" whilst, by the way, Miss Josephine's exposé of her affairs was not very niggardly, whether affaires du corps or affaires de famille.

"Here a common fellow relieved me from the mother and daughter, by asking, in his peculiar jargon, for a penorth of backy, which drove Miss from the counter. "A foinish gal you kips there," said he. "Fellor, that's my daughter," cried the incensed Mamon; and refused to serve him. "Very well," said the fellow, quitting the door, "it's time for you to shet up shop, since you can dress out sich rubbidge as that ere."

Just as Sir Roderic concluded his observations on the confusion of ranks, expressing that he would sooner have a non-intercourse bill passed, than see the money of Old England spent abroad, and the lower orders thus put above themselves, the servant announced Colonel Dangle, a friend of the family. "There," cried Sir Roderic, "there again is a fellow who calls seduction a little indiscretion,—debt a juvenile error,—gaming an unfortunate passion,—female infidelity an unlucky penchant,—bad principle, impudence, and drunkenness, over indulgence in festivity.

"Well, Colonel," cried he, addressing himself to Dangle, "when did you see my rascal of a Nephew, who dishonours the name of the old Commodore his late father, by his follies and extravagance?" "Why," replied the Colonel, in a female tone, "I have just come to intercede for him with you, as he is in a little scrape." "In prison, I suppose," replied the Knight. "Well, he will make a good fixture there; he is no bad Adonis for a niche in the King's Bench, or in the Fleet prison; but I'll give him not a farthing."

"Oh!" resumed the Colonel, "it is not exactly money that he wants; his difficulties (adjusting his cravat) are of another nature." "What?" angrily, answered the Knight, "is he to be hanged? for I think you are all in the way of strangulation." "He wants," lisped the Colonel, "your advice; and first that you should procure him leave of absence, and next empower your banker to cash a bill for a thousand pounds, which he has won of Sir Jerry Goldfinch. He is obliged to go abroad, having had an affair of honour with a Lieutenant in the Navy, for a trifling affair of gallantry with his sister. The young man would fire at him twice; and, in returning the second fire, (the first he would not—very honourable, you'll allow, Sir Roderic,) the Lieutenant, [here he paused, and took a pinch of snuff, then smiling, resumed,] has got a little scratch."

Sir Roderic rose up in a rage, "Sir,"

said he, "in plain English, my rascal of a Nephew has seduced an honest man's daughter, whereby he is a villain; he has plundered a foolish friend at play, whereby he is a robber; he has stood a shot in a bad cause, which shews him to be a madman; and he has shot the brother of his victim, which makes him a murderer. All your fashionable refinements are of no avail with me; and my advice, or rather my commands, are as follow:—Let him marry the girl. (The Colonel looked amazed.) Let him return the money which he won at play. (The Colonel shook his head.) Let him pay all his debts. (The Colonel almost laughed.) And let him surrender himself to take his trial. (The Colonel looked as if he was listening to an insane person.) If not, he may want money, he may be apprehended, he may be hanged afterwards, and should he escape the rope, I will cut him off with a shilling, as my estate is not entailed."

The last part of the charge made the deepest impression. The Colonel promised to convey the advice. The young Lieutenant did well;—the orders were obeyed;—and Sir Roderic opened his purse-strings at the wedding, which was attended by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

## THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—*Honour, or Arrivals from College*, a new comedy, written by Mr. Cromwell, formerly a bookseller in Skinner Street, was produced at this theatre on Saturday. The plot, as stated in the daily papers, is as follows:—*Villiers*, (Mr. H. Kemble) a young Oxonian, is in love with his cousin *Emmeline*, (Mrs. West) the daughter of *Colonel Villiers*, (Gattie) on whom the young man is dependent, and who had, before the period at which the play begins, encouraged their mutual passion. But *Villiers* is represented to the uncle to be a seducer, a coward, and every thing that is bad, by *Freeman*, (Mr. Penley) a lying brother collegian, and *Flora*, (Mrs. Orger) an abandoned woman. In consequence of this the *Colonel* encourages *Sir Jasper Jay*, (Harley) a Dandy Baronet, to pay his addresses to *Emmeline*. The latter believing the calumnies spread abroad to the prejudice of *Villiers*, submits to the will of her father, and is about to be married to *Sir Jasper*, when it is proved on the evidence of the dying *Flora*, communicated by a *Captain O'Carolun*, (Mr. Johnstone) that the dandy is the real seducer of *Flora*, and the character of *Emmeline's* first lover being in every respect cleared up, the original purpose of the *Colonel* is carried into effect, and the union of *Villiers* and *Emmeline* terminated the play.

The three first acts of this comedy went off very glibly; the dialogue, if not sparkling, was lively, the interest if not intense was considerable, and the characters, if not all well drawn, were at least in several instances amusing. The applause was too 'prodigious' to be impartial; for though

such merit as we have stated was displayed, there was nothing to call for huzzas at the end of the acts, lasting some minutes. This sort of ill-judged friendship is very injurious to authors and performers;—it provokes even the mild to opposition, and draws forth the whole hostility of cynical fury. Accordingly, when the fourth and fifth acts dwindled into a lame and impotent conclusion, the over-applauded merits of those which preceded were forgotten, or only remembered to render condemnation more peremptory and loud. A sterling comedy is a production of such infinite difficulty, that we think even this approach towards it deserving of encouragement. It is indeed rather feeble, sometimes improbable, and the minds and motives of the characters want development; but Harley's Dandy is original, and being excellently acted, had a high comic effect; Gattie's Colonel had also novel features, and was well performed; and even the anti-duelling clap-trap sentiments put into the mouth of Villiers, claimed a share of applause. The Irish officer had not substance for Johnstone. Mrs. West and Mrs. Orger did ample justice to the female parts. On Monday, we learn, the play had a very stormy trial, and on its third night was finally condemned. The dissentients got up a *roir*, and as the Author's friends of the *roir* were not in such numbers as on Saturday, his *Honour* was very hazardously a stake.

On this evening the old prices were resumed at Drury Lane. As the company was too bad to fill the house at low prices, it is presumed it may succeed better with high prices. The public seems to care little or nothing about it, and we dare say this change will not accelerate the ruin of the theatre by one hour.

COVENT GARDEN.—A Musical Drama, founded on the celebrated tale, entitled "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," was brought out here on Saturday. It is the production of Mr. Terry, and bears ample testimony to his taste and judgment. The fable of the drama departs, however, considerably from that of the novel; and, so wedded are we to the sort of historical truth of the latter, that we cannot view the former but as detrimental alterations. In other respects, the incidents of the original have been ably adapted to the stage. The character of David Deans, supported by Mr. Terry, is an exquisite and pathetic portrait; and Macready made a great deal of the part of George Robertson, though hardly worthy of his great abilities. Liston, as Dumbiedykes (combining some of the fortunes of Reuben Butler) excited much laughter; and Shapclaw and Ratcliffe were made more than effectual, by the excellent acting of Blanchard and Emery. The female parts were not so well cast: Miss Stephens and Miss Brunton had little more than *voice* and *looks* to recommend their Effie and Jeanie Deans; and Mrs. C. Kemble was not a Marge Wildfire agreeable to our idea of that personage. The scenery is admir-

ably correct and well painted; but still we think the vice of this theatre prevailed—there is too much given to spectacle, and too little to entertaining dialogue and spirited representation.

### THE LONDON THEATRES.

[From a Continental Journal.]

There are three principal theatres in London, *Covent Garden*, *Drury Lane*, and the *Italian Opera*. At the two former only the best tragic and lyric compositions are represented. The first, in particular, seems devoted to the wild muse of Shakspeare. At the third only the *Opera Seria* is performed. The secondary theatres are, the *English Opera*, the *Feydeau* of London; the *Haymarket*, which is like the *Odeon*; the *Circus*, corresponding with the theatre of the *Porte St. Martin*; *Asley's*, like the *Français-Anglais*; the *Aquatic Theatre*, &c.

The English Theatres are remarkable for splendour and neatness in the audience part. The seats are so conveniently arranged, that the spectator may command a view of the stage from every point. The theatres were formerly lighted by wax candles; but gas has been lately introduced, which produces a most brilliant effect. The performance usually consists of two pieces, the one new and the other old. The new piece is played first, with the view of attracting an audience, because at the opening of the doors the full price of admittance is paid, but only half price is taken at the conclusion of the first piece. At the three principal theatres the audience appear elegantly dressed; but to the others John Bull may go as he pleases. The frequenters of these minor theatres are in general extremely noisy. It is no uncommon thing to hear the audience join in a chorus with the performers. They hiss to obtain an *encore*; express their satisfaction by loud *bravos*, and their disapprobation by prolonged clapping. At the great theatres something like good order prevails, at least so long as the audience have no reason to complain either of the play or the performers; but whenever they feel dissatisfied, and above all, if they imagine any disrespect is shewn them, the destruction of the interior of the theatre is spontaneously determined on, and as no gendarmes nor military of any description are suffered to enter, the curtain is torn, the lustres broken, and the seats shattered in pieces. When the interior is pretty well demolished, the fury of the combatants ceases for want of aliments, and they retire.

The superiority of the French stage with regard to poetic composition, invention, and dramatic propriety, cannot be disputed. It is well known that the chefs-d'œuvre of Shakspeare present monstrosities repugnant both to taste and reason. But on the other hand, theatrical beauty and splendour are superior in England, with the exception of the Grand Opera at Paris, which may be called the region of wonder and magic. In England all is sacril-

ficed to theatrical effect, and the action is considered as merely the means of producing it. The eye is dazzled by the multitude of decorations, the magnificence of the costumes, the splendour of the spectacle, and the dexterity with which the scenes are shifted. In one of John Bull's *melodramatic favourites*, there is a change at every scene, and the piece closes with a grand conflagration. An attempt has been made to introduce pieces of this kind on the French stage, but as they are destitute both of plot and interest, they are not likely to prove attractive there.

The English dancers are below mediocrity. The only good ones at the London theatres are French. English dancing is void of grace, and consists merely in feats of strength.

As to the music, it has a very peculiar character, and sometimes pleases from its originality. The English have no school of music, though they are passionately fond of that enchanting art. There are some good performers in the English orchestras, but they are almost all Germans. The vocal departments, which are exclusively filled by English artists, are greatly inferior to the orchestras; but this may in some measure be attributed to the harshness of the English language, which is but ill suited to singing.

There is a place of amusement in London called the *Aquatic Theatre*, to which there is nothing similar on the Continent. The performance commences with a burlesque in the style of the Italian *Harlequinades*. The flooring of the stage, which is moveable, is raised at the conclusion of the first piece, and discovers a basin filled with water, of the extent and depth of the stage, where nautical performers represent the most celebrated battles and victories of the British navy.

Animals are introduced at the English theatres as well as in France. The most astonishing of all is a dog named *Bruin*, of the shepherd breed. He might rouse the jealousy of *Munio* himself. He conveys a letter, receives an answer, steals the keys of the prison in which his master is confined, and hides them in a tree; seizes a dagger from the hands of an assassin; sets light to a train of gunpowder; draws a cork, and performs a hundred prodigies of the same kind. Some time ago, during the representation of a piece entitled *The Gipsy*, which concluded with the hunting of a wild boar, *Bruin*, animated by the horns, the sound of the horses' feet, and the firing of the guns, broke the string by which he was confined, and darted forward on the actor who represented the wild boar. The poor creature, to elude the pursuit of his enemy, jumped into the orchestra; but the dog leaped after him, without relinquishing his hold. The terrified musicians fled, leaving the two champions in possession of the field. The most indescribable confusion prevailed throughout the theatre. The other dogs on the stage encouraged their comrade with all the power of their lungs. The uproar was terrible, and the intrepid

dog was separated from his prey with no little difficulty.

It is customary, on the French stage, to represent the English in the most ridiculous points of view. This would be highly reprehensible, were it not merely retaliation. An English author who ridicules the French is certain of success. The same is observable on our stage, where English caricatures never fail to excite applause. It affords some little consolation to the continental public to take this sort of revenge for the haughty disdain of these Islanders. General and reciprocal good-will would obliterate these uncharitable shades; but that can never take place until the English become more modest, and their policy more generous. We must wait till the year 2440.

The common order of the people in England suppose that the French live upon frogs and onions; thus to excite the laughter of the audience, it is only necessary to introduce a Frenchman on the stage, eating an onion and a crust of bread. This is the *ne plus ultra* of pleasantry. The English, who have visited France, entertain a better opinion of French cookery, of which they seem to approve. A piece called the *Manager Puzzled*, was performed very successfully at the Haymarket Theatre. It maintained its attraction for several years, apparently for no other reason than because the French were ridiculed from beginning to end.

When Talma was in London, in 1817, he experienced the kindest reception from several distinguished theatrical characters, and, in particular, from Mr. Dibdin, proprietor and manager of the Circus. But he was not so treated by every body. The English do not yet seem to be convinced that genius belongs to no country, and that all nations should pay homage to it, from whatever quarter it may come.

## VARIETIES.

### Review of Literary Gazette.

MR. EDITOR,

Like the surgeon over a malefactor—like the butcher over a lamb—like the citizen over his haunch—like the tailor over his superfine—like the mantua-maker, I beg pardon, *dress-maker*, over her calico—in short, Sir, I always view your valuable columns with critical pleasure, like any thing!

Some people say, indeed, that they improve upon review—but, pardon my blushes!—that would be vanity in me to say, who am the reviewer.

It pleaseth me to find, Sir, that you dedicate those columns to natural history as well as to literature, giving to your numerous courtly, learned, witty, and courteous readers, the earliest information upon that subject; I trust, therefore, that as soon as the Persian Ambassador arrives, you will not fail to gratify us with an accurate description of every thing curious about the

invisible girl from Circassia, whom, like the Bottle-conjuror of old, he is bringing over tightly corked up, lest she should fly off, like spruce or soda water, in this land of freedom.

But the difficulty, you will say, is to get a peep at her—Lord, Sir! did not all the Hibernian gentlemen in town go to see the other Invisible Girl? besides, a'nt you an Editor, and have not you a right to a ticket of free admission?

Nay, do we not remember how Mr. what do you call him moved for a writ of Habeas Corpus when he wished to exhibit the Great Napoleon, the man who, for so many years, seemed to have got a Habeas Corpus for every body in Europe?

Have you forgot how a great political Brewer moved a Habeas Corpus for the Hot-tent Venus, so that a Committee were enabled to examine her, touching all things, gratis, for nothing at all at all? To be sure, indeed, those sad dogs His Majesty's Ministers, who have no feeling for curiosity, and no curiosity for feeling, may move and carry a suspension of the act—but then have we not a patriotic linen-draper, who can call a Common Hall, and vote her the freedom of the City?

In short, Sir, may not some ingenious exhibitor bring out the Circassian Lady, just as somebody, not an hundred miles from yourself, brought out a Cossack gentleman? May we not have a Circassian as well as a Syrian subscription? may not the Society for suppressing Vice bring her forward as a ward of chancery, although she is not a loose woman? May she not be sick, and cannot you borrow a wig and gold-headed cane?

Then, again, can the Custom House permit a Lady from France to pass without examination? If such a precedent is established, will not all our returning fair-ones become Circassians?

But my confident hopes still rest in a certain place, where we have so many friends of humanity, who move so many things that they will at last move Heaven and earth, if they can—and though we have lost the Brewer, what can we fear, when there is a clear stage to be managed by

### PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY.

We can tell our humorous friend, that this Circassian is no beauty, and, notwithstanding the newspaper accounts, was seen at large and shaken by the hand by hundreds of English women in Paris: of course so many women were not assembled without witnessing gallants.—Ed.

### MODERN ARTS!!!

MR. EDITOR,

I am happy to announce that merit has at length met its due reward. The greatest Actor in the world, or in the universe, is at last honoured with a statue, in the character of *Othello*, now exhibiting, not at Somerset House indeed, but directly opposite to it.

The statue is as large as the real life, not of marble, for he has shewn a tender heart when "worked on with some ability,"

nor of brass, as he has got all the Committee could spare,—but wood, whether box-wood or crab-tree, I cannot tell!

The whole is in high keeping. You may inquire at the Snuff-shop next door to the Edinburgh Castle. Yours, CANOVA.

A Monk, at Rome, in the course of exploring the traces of one of the twelve Monasteries of St. Benedict, has discovered a large edifice, which is supposed to have been built by Nero. He has opened a length of 260 feet, and found 12 chambers, square and circular, besides an aqueduct of 200 paces.—*Morning Post*.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

### FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Among the quakeries that are daily advertised to impose on the public, we are sorry to observe, that literary men, however inferior their talents, should be instrumental to deceptions of that kind. A work is publishing as written by Dr. SYNTAX, in the hope that it may be supposed to be a continuation of *The Tour in Search of the Picturesque*, by Dr. SYNTAX. We have reason to know that this is not the case; on the contrary, we are authorised to say that a Second Volume of the *original* and much admired work, published by ACKERMANN, will soon appear, as we doubt not, to gratify the public.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

### APRIL.

Thursday, 15.—Thermometer from 40 to 58.  
Barometer from 29, 54 to 29, 61.  
Wind SW. 2.—Generally cloudy; much rain the early part of the morning. About 4, the upper part of a halo was formed, faintly coloured.  
Rain fallen, 175 of an inch.

Friday, 16.—Thermometer from 42 to 54.  
Barometer from 29, 32 to 29, 44.  
Wind SW. 4.—Generally cloudy, rain at times.  
Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.

Saturday, 17.—Thermometer from 41 to 53.  
Barometer from 29, 55 to 29, 70.  
Wind SW. 3.—Generally cloudy; much rain at times.—Rain fallen, 05 of an inch.

Sunday, 18.—Thermometer from 41 to 53.  
Barometer from 29, 80 to 29, 91.  
Wind SW. 1.—Generally cloudy; a few showers of rain through the day.  
Rain fallen, 075 of an inch.

Monday, 19.—Thermometer from 32 to 55.  
Barometer from 30, 00 to 29, 94.  
Wind SW. 4.—Morning clear, the rest of the day generally cloudy.  
Rain fallen, 025 of an inch.

Tuesday, 20.—Thermometer from 41 to 62.  
Barometer from 29, 90, stationary.  
Wind SW. 2.—Cloudy.  
Rain fallen, 375 of an inch.

Wednesday, 21.—Thermometer from 44 to 60.  
Barometer from 29, 83, to 29, 90.  
Wind SW. 2.—Cloudy till noon, the rest of the day clear.  
Rain fallen, 025 of an inch.  
Latitude 51.37.32. N.  
Longitude 3.51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* Many articles are unavoidably postponed; and in order to give place to other novelties, we have this week suspended our extracts from Von Hammer's Travels in Asiatic Turkey, and Bowditch's Mission to Ashantee.

Volunteer friends are again respectfully informed that we can insert no contributions on subjects of literature, art, or science, without inspecting the works referred to, and satisfying ourselves of the accuracy of the criticism, whenever that course is possible.

We cannot insert literary notices subject to an advertisement duty, which in our case amounts to 7s. on each notice.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

#### British Gallery, Pall Mall.

**THIS GALLERY**, with a Selection of the most celebrated Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open, every day, from nine in the morning until six in the evening.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s. (By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

#### Sale of the London Museum.

**MR. BULLOCK** respectfully announces to the Public, that the Sale by Auction of the Works of Art in the Roman Gallery at the Egyptian Hall in Finsbury, will commence on the 29th instant, and that of the Museum of Natural History on the following Tuesday. To be viewed three days previous. The Catalogues, without which no Person can be admitted, either to the sale or view, will be published in Parts, each containing six days sale, at 1s. 6d. each. The first and second Parts may now be had at the Museum, which will be closed in a few Days, previous to its arrangement for Sale.

This Day was published, price, Imperial 4to. One Guinea, or Royal 4to. 16s. Part I. of

**A SERIES of ENGRAVINGS**, representing the Bones of the Human Skeleton, with the Skeletons of some of the Lower Animals, by Edward Mitchell, Engraver, Edinburgh. The Explanatory References by JOHN BARCLAY, M.D. Lecturer on Anatomy, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, &c. &c.

N.B.—Part II. which is in great forwardness, will complete the work, and, if possible, will appear early in November. Besides containing the remaining plates of Sues, representing the Bones of the Human Skeleton, fetal and adult, there will be a number of additional Engravings, copied after the most elegant drawings, of the Skeletons of Quadrupeds, Birds, and Fishes.

London: Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

#### Fine Arts.

This Day is published, in royal folio, Part I. price 3s.

**VIEWS in SUSSEX**, consisting of the most interesting Landscape and Marine Scenery in the Rape of Hastings, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Illustrated by Historical Descriptions. The Plates engraved by W. B. Cooke; and the whole published under the auspices of JOHN FULLER, Esq. of Rose Hill. Scientific and explanatory notices of Mr. Turner's Drawings are given by R. R. Reinagle, A.R.A. Proofs on French Paper, imperial folio, uniform with Cooke and Cockburn's Pompeii and Stuart's Athens, 41. 10s. each Part. India Paper Proofs, imperial folio, 51. 10s.; of these a limited number are printed to gratify the curious, and those Collectors who wish to possess the most choice copies.

The Work will be completed in Three Parts, forming one handsome volume, containing Fourteen Plates, engraved in the highest finished style of Line Engraving; two of them on a large scale.

Mr. Turner's splendid subject of Hastings from the Sea, will appear in Part II. on the 1st of November next.

Published by John Murray, Albemarle-street; and W. B. Cooke, 13, Judd-place, East, New-road.

On the 1st of May will be published, royal folio, 31. 10s.

**PICTURESQUE VIEWS** of the celebrated ANTIQUITIES of POLA. By THOMAS ALLASON, Architect. Engraved by W. B. Cooke, Henry Moses, and Cosmo Armstrong.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

#### Private Tuition.

**PRIVATE FAMILIES**, and Ladies Schools, in London, and its vicinity, are attended by a Gentleman of respectability.—Subjects: The rudiments of the Latin; Writing and Arithmetic, Geometry and Algebra, Geography, Astronomy, and the use of the Globes. References the most satisfactory will be given; and cards of address may be obtained by application to Messrs. Finck and Maunders, 207, Strand.

#### Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

**THE** object of this Institution is, by an appeal to public liberality, to extend RELIEF to DISTRESSED ARTISTS, whose Works are known and esteemed by the Public, as well as to their WIDOWS and ORPHANS—Merit and Distress forming the only claim to its benevolence.

The Subscribers and Friends to the Institution will celebrate the FIFTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL in Freemasons' Hall, on Monday, the 3d of May next, on which interesting occasion it is proposed to announce the Opening of the Funds.

H.R.H. the DUKE of SUSSEX, Joint Patron of the Institution, in the Chair.

#### STEWARDS.

H. G. the Duke of Bedford  
Most Nob. Marq. Anglesa  
Most Noble Marq. Camden  
Most Noble Marq. Lansdown  
Rt. Hon. Earl of Liverpool  
Rt. Hon. Earl Aberdeen  
Rt. Hon. Earl Ashburnham  
Rt. Hon. Earl Bridgewater  
Rt. Hon. Earl Coventry  
Rt. Hon. Earl Darnley  
Rt. Hon. Earl of Hardwicke  
Rt. Hon. Earl of Manvers  
Hon. the Earl of Pomfret  
Rt. Hon. Lord Dundas  
Sir Thomas Baring, Bt M P  
Sir Geo. Beaumont, Bart  
Sir Benj. Hobhouse, Bart  
Sir John F. Leicester, Bart  
Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bt M P  
John Dent, Esq M P  
William Manning, Esq M P  
William Smith, Esq M P  
C. V. Fielding, Esq M P  
G. Watson Taylor, Esq M P  
J. T. Thorp, Esq Ald M P  
William Williams, Esq M P  
Hon. Douglas Kinnaird  
John Alnutt, Esq  
John Hombrough, Esq  
Henry Philip Hope, Esq  
Thos. Hope, Esq  
Jesse Watts Russell, Esq  
Sir William Beechey, R A  
W. R. Bigg, Esq R A  
F. L. Chantry, Esq R A  
Thos. Daniell, Esq R A  
James Farrington, Esq R A  
John Jackson, Esq R A  
Thos. Phillips, Esq R A  
M. A. Shree, Esq R A  
John Soane, Esq R A  
Thos. Stoddard, Esq R A  
J. M. W. Turner, Esq R A  
Jas. Ward, Esq R A  
Thos. Westall, Esq R A  
R. Westmacott, Esq R A  
D. Wilkie, Esq R A  
W. Daniell, Esq A R A  
Jas. Heath, Esq A R A  
J. S. Agar, Esq  
Robert Ashby, Esq  
Jos. Barret, Esq  
R. T. Bone, Esq  
Robt. Bristol, Esq  
J. V. Child, Esq  
Edward Conduit, Esq  
C. Corbould, Esq  
James Cundy, Esq  
J. H. Deacon, Esq  
Richard Evans, Esq  
C. V. Fielding, Esq  
John Glover, Esq  
J. S. Hayward, Esq  
T. C. Hoffland, Esq  
W. Linton, Esq  
J. Lonsdale, Esq  
Geo. Morant, Esq  
W. J. Newton, Esq  
G. R. Nuttall, M D  
A. Robertson, Esq  
J. Sawrey, Esq  
G. Vincent, Esq  
J. Vine, Esq  
C. J. Wichelo, Esq  
W. Woodburne, Esq  
H. Wright, Esq  
M. Wyatt, Esq

Dinner on Table at half-past Five.

Tickets 11. 1s. each to be had of the Stewards; and at the Bar of the Craven Hotel, Craven-street, Strand, until Saturday, May 1. Application for Ladies' Tickets to the Gallery to be made to John Young, Esq. Hon. Sec. 65, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

### New Publications.

Early in May will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo.

**TALES of the HALL.**

By the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Preparing for publication,

**A TRANSLATION of the ORLANDO FU-  
RIOSO, of ARIOSTO, with a Life and Notes.**  
By WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.  
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This Day is published, in 8vo. price 3s. a New Edition of  
**THE QUESTION** concerning the DEPRECIATION of our CURRENCY, stated and examined.  
By W. HUSKISSON, Esq. M.P.  
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This Day is published, in 8vo. price 2s. 6d.  
**TRAGIC DRAMAS**, chiefly intended for Representation in Private Families. To which is added, Aristomedus, a Tragedy, from the Italian of Vincenza Monti.  
By FRANCES BURNLEY.  
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

On Monday next will be published, 8vo.

**THE COURT of ENGLAND, in 1626.** Being a Translation of Marshal Bassompierre's Account of his Embassy to London, with Notes and Commentaries.  
Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In May will be published, 8vo.

**FIRST IMPRESSIONS**; on a Tour upon the Continent, in the Summer of 1818, through Parts of France, Italy, Switzerland, the Borders of Germany, and a Part of French Flanders. By MARIANNE BAILLIE.  
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